

SPECIAL REPORT

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOUR CITY!

The
Northern
California

UNDERGROUND

Uprising
of '82

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

A BI-MONTHLY Edition

VOL. 1 NO. 0

2 PUNKS HIT CITY

Killed
1,104,814

Injured
568,393

We Retallate:
Downtown Attack Enemy

East Side In Ruins,
1,690,000 Homeless

Thousands
Flee rto
Westmeier
San Diego

INTENSIFIED CHAOS



Torrance Tang:
Guitar

RxOxBx: Vocals

Chris: Drums

Kris: Bass

Thanks to: Allisa, Kim, Timmy, Schmeck, pukie, and Oi! for inspiration.
NO Thanks to: Fang (Ha Ha Ha), L.A. for slam dancing, and no thanks to
all the "new" punks in England who think they've
invented Hardcore, you're just oblivious to anyone else
but yourselves you fucking snobs!

Intensified Chaos-

I don't care if society's right
I gotta' live my own life
Political lies, we don't need 'em
Ronald Reagan, that's not freedom

Intensified Chaos....

Mass murder/Blood so cold
Live that way and you'll never get old
join the army's sadistic thrills
join the army and learn to kill

Intensified Chaos.....

© 1981 all rights reserved Pure filth inc.
Recorded at xandor studios, Orinda, Ca.

Additional Contributions-

Bill Collins: Guitar
Alison Baker: Intro Vocal (Age 4)



Be what you want to be.
 Not what you're pressured to be.
 Live your life by the day;
 Don't plan for tomorrow,
 IT MAY NEVER COME.

SOCIAL UnREST



Mark
Drums

John
Vollick
Bass

Doug
Logic
Rhythm

Groetin
K-OS
Vocal
Darryl
Norwood
Guitar

THEIR MISTAKES

After John F. Kennedy things weren't what they were supposed to be. Richard Nixon could be blamed for being involved in a communist game. So don't blame me, it's not my fault. It's their mistake, they made it that way. Can't blame me for their mistakes, don't come to me on election day. Economy problems are their fault, it's up to them to make it halt.

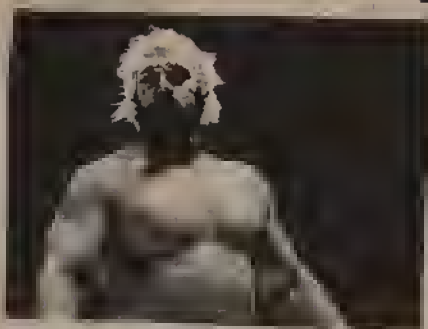
They tried white lies, but that just don't seem right. Their fault we live the way they wanted it.

Words by K-OS and Norwood
 Music by Logic

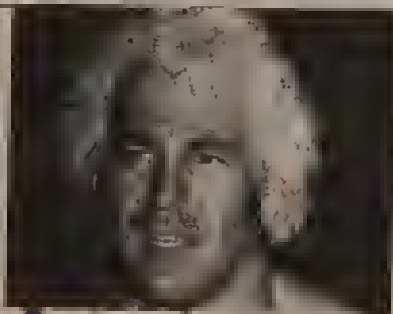
© 1992 SOCIAL UNREST

Also Available Making Room For Youth IRR.001A

THE NAKED LADY WRESTLERS



MAX Volume
 "Rock music is for Racks.
 If these stupid fans knew
 anything about Music they
 wouldn't come whine and snivel
 to me all the time!"



Bruiser Brownhouse
 "Prepare to see all your
 little heros and Idols
 fall to the unremitting
 talent of the worlds
 best; Naked Lady
Wrestlers!"

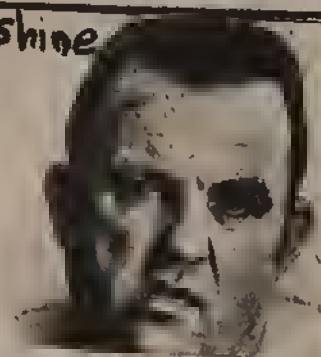


Dan With the Mello Hair
 You can Drive thru Rodeo
 And read a Magazine
 You can Fly an Army Plane
 Wait for World War too
 You can go where the Sun don't shine

go right now, take your time
 last to know and you don't care
 You're Man with the Yellow hair
 You can buy a Hamilton Beach
 order from the Magazine
 You can get Credit thru me
 keep your payments clean
 they'll call me if you're too slow
 laugh at them whenever you go
 Yes I know that you don't care
 Your Dan with the Mello hair
 In the Summer of 84
 by the Little Bighorn River
 Bunch of big shot Army guys
 couldn't get the Job done
 You can go where the Sun don't
 take a car - yours or mine
 No more space but I don't care
 Your Dan with the Mello hair



Baron Von Rinehard
 "We're on our way to
 the Top - if we have to
 step on some Egos and,
 hurt some feelings that's
 just fine with US!!"



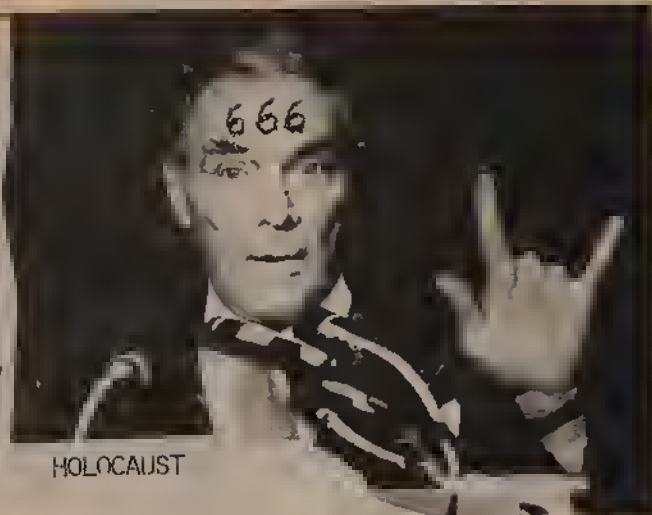
BuzzSaw Ironbill
 "What the heck is the
 D.M.P. afraid of anyway?
 they're trying to stack the
 decks against us. They
 can't hold us down for
 long. We're going to be
 looking mighty fine."

M.A.D.*

MUTUAL
ASSURED
DESTRUCTION

*No army can stop an idea whose time
has come.*
—Victor Hugo

ALL MUSIC BY STEVE
ALL LYRICS BY CLIFFORD
PRODUCED BY M.A.D. AND HENRY HAMPLE



HOLOCAUST

MODERN TECHNOLOGY'S KILLING US ALL
OUR CIVILIZATION'S GONNA FALL
BLEAK FUTURE WAITS IN STORE
MAN-MADE NIGHTMARE NUCLEAR WAR
WE'RE CREATING A WAR WE KNOW
WE CAN'T SURVIVE MASS DEVASTATION
THE HUMAN RACE COMES TO AN END
SEEMS SO SICK WHAT LIES AHEAD
AN ENTIRE PLANET WILL SOON BE DEAD
HAD TO PROGRESS IT SEEMED SO GREAT
WE'RE CAUGHT IN OUR TRAP WITH NO ESCAPE

ARMS RACE GOES ON THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER
BRINGS UPON THE FINAL HOUR
NOBODY WINS A NUCLEAR WAR
WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE STRIVING FOR
WE'RE CREATING A WAR WE KNOW
WE CAN'T SURVIVE MASS DEVASTATION
THE HUMAN RACE COMES TO AN END

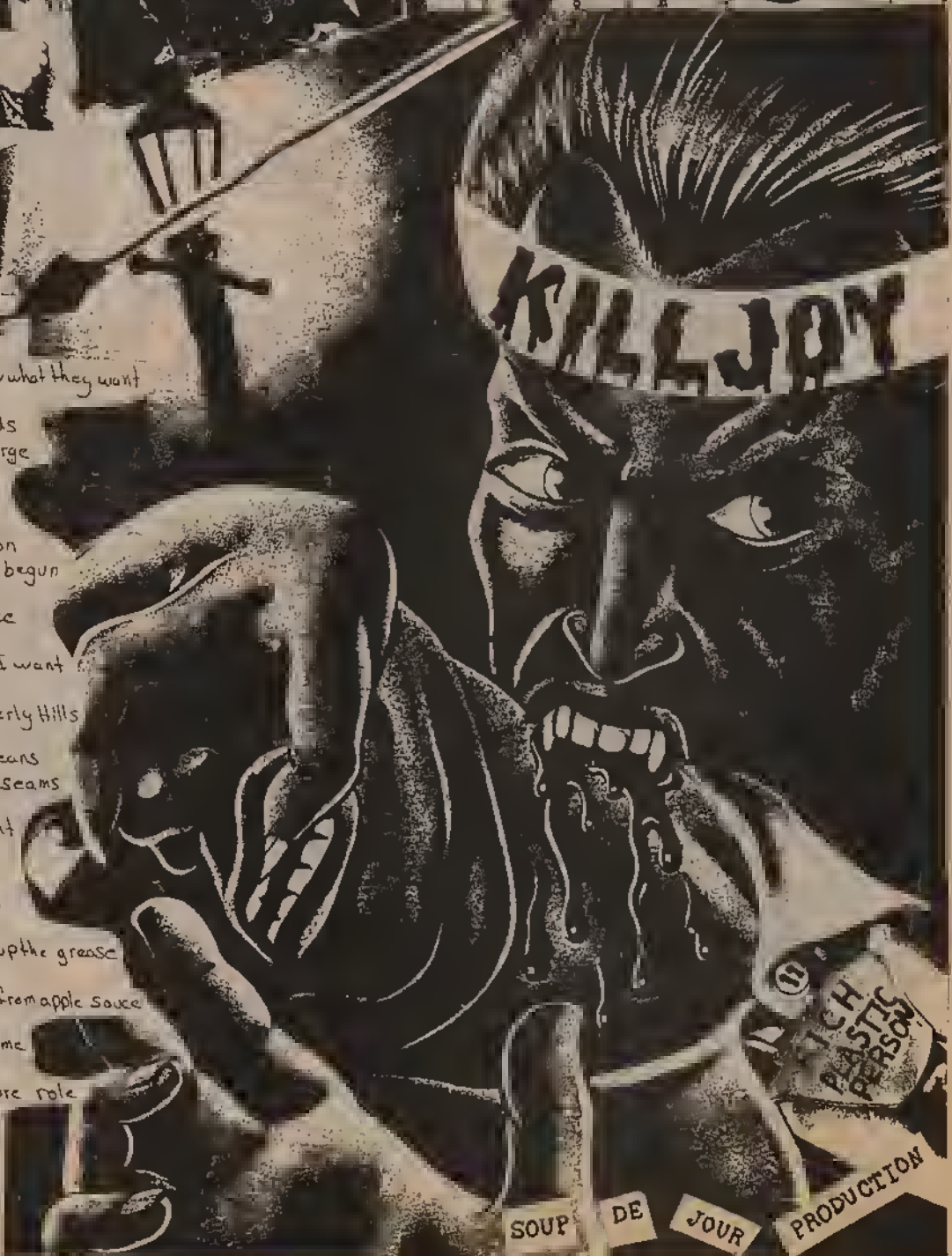
M.A.D. - STEVE - GUITAR
CLIFFORD - VOCALS
DAVE - BASS
BILL - DRUMS

WE HATE YOU



kill-joy (kɪl-/jɔɪ) n. One who spoils the pleasure of others

Rich Plastic People
 Rich Plastic People they don't know what they want
 They think upper class is all right
 They get thrills from plastic cards
 Buy every thing on a master charge
 They don't know what they want
 They think they have always won
 Just wait and see we have only begun
 They get on my case
 They think that I'm a disgrace
 They don't know and I do what I want
 You're fat fucking Slobs from Beverly Hills
 All wired out on diet pills
 It's Pierre Cardin and Jordach jeans
 But lard is splitting through your seams
 They don't know what they want
 You get around in plastic cars
 You get drunk in plastic bars
 You really like minorities
 They shovel up the shit and clean up the grease
 You think you know but you don't know shit from apple sauce
 Rich Plastic People your time has come
 You think we have only begun
 Rich Plastic People you played your role
 Your cancer is in my control



KILLJOY INC.
 2100 UNIVERSITY
 EAST PALO ALTO CA 94303

SOUP DE JOUR PRODUCTION

FANG

T.M.S. RULES



FUN WITH ACID

I CAN HEAR
THE NOISE
I CAN SEE
THE LIGHTS
THE HELICOPTERS
ARE COMING
DOWN ON ME TONIGHT
I COULD GET ARRESTED
THEY'RE JUST OVER THE HILL
I CAN SEE THE LIGHTS
THE HELICOPTERS ARE COMING
DOWN ON ME TONIGHT

T. FLY
(GUITAR)

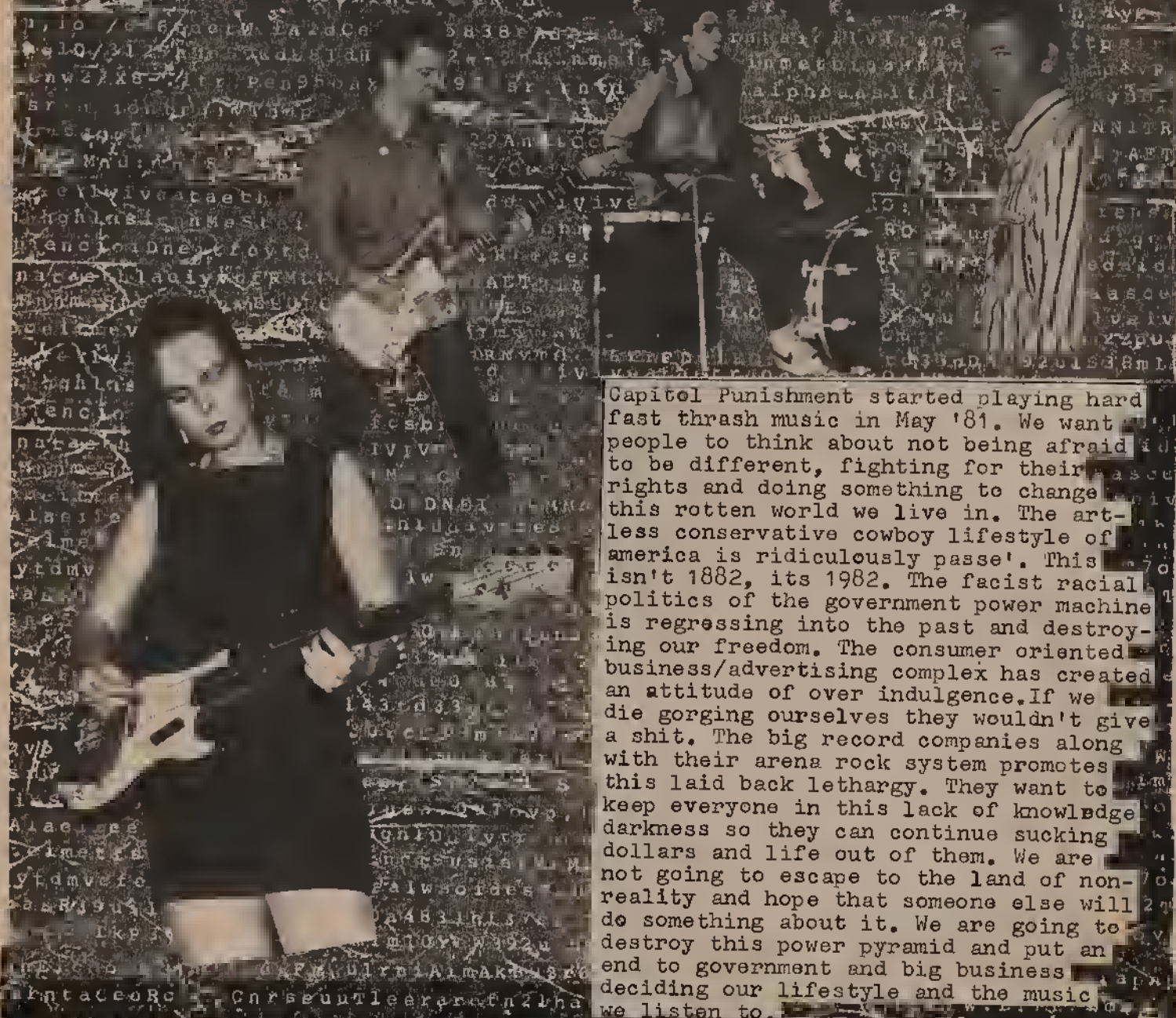
JOEL
FOXX
(DRUMS)

SLAM
(MOUTH)

C.W.
(BASE)

FOR A GOOD TIME
CALL FANG
415-841-9113
2146 RITER ST.
BERKELEY, CA.
94702

CAPITOL punishment



Capitol Punishment started playing hard fast thrash music in May '81. We want people to think about not being afraid to be different, fighting for their rights and doing something to change this rotten world we live in. The artless conservative cowboy lifestyle of america is ridiculously passe'. This isn't 1882, its 1982. The facist racial politics of the government power machine is regressing into the past and destroying our freedom. The consumer oriented business/advertising complex has created an attitude of over indulgence. If we die gorging ourselves they wouldn't give a shit. The big record companies along with their arena rock system promotes this laid back lethargy. They want to keep everyone in this lack of knowledge darkness so they can continue sucking dollars and life out of them. We are not going to escape to the land of non-reality and hope that someone else will do something about it. We are going to destroy this power pyramid and put an end to government and big business deciding our lifestyle and the music we listen to.

EL SALVADOR-let's go to el salva or e one of reagan's conquistadors advisors who carry m-16's join the duarte regime/ let's go out and have some fun get a gun and kill a nun we got those commies on the run c'mon haig let's get it done/ just a practice for the c.i.a. a comfortable place for them to play a chance to kill with the latest toy the people are the victims of a government ploy/ let's go to el salvador el salvador.
stewart lotspeich fedrau

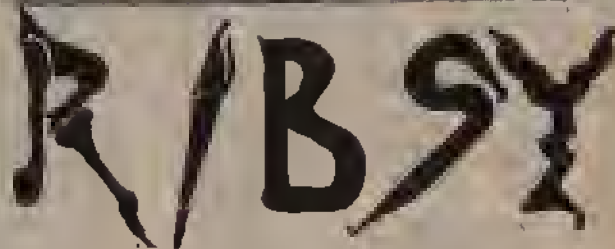
collapse

WANT TO...FREE YOUR....DEVICES
APPARANTLY WE'LL RELIVE THE PAST
LET'S ALL WATCH THE STOCK MARKET CRASH
SOUP LINES AT THE CLOSED DOWN BANKS
YOUR PLAN FAILED-DONT EXPECT THANKS

FIRST YOU CUT THE S.S.I.
CUT OUT AID FOR OUR G.I.'S
SPENT THE MONEY ON OUR DEFENCE
I TELL YOU NOW IT DOESNT MAKE SENSE

FIRST THERES A RECESSION
PROCEEDS THE DEPRESSION
LET'S ALL TAKE A TRIP BACK IN TIME
BACK TO GOOD OLD 1-9-2-9
REMEMBER YOU WERE STILL IN YOUR TEENS
AND WHEN IT HIT YOU FELT NOTHING
THE RICH GET RICHER
POOR GET POORER
ALL RESOURCES KEPT BY HARDERS

SECOND THOUGHT,
YOU THOUGHT AHEAD
BY ALL THIS TIME
YOU'LL BE DEAD!



Downtown San Jose has unleashed RiBSY. Greg's 5-String Machine, Sharon's tit-piercing 75 bass Kats rolling drums in Jaded gowns rounded out by New Comer Poo Poo's Sneering depth guitar create the unique RiBSY Sound. BY Recording "Collapse" between Vocalists and dubbing the Vocals themselves, they displayed the versatility they're known 4.

Top L to R,
Sharon, KAT, Greg,
Kneeling, Poo Poo Rick

CRUCIFIX



ANNIHILATION

annihilation is to one the means to the end
armageddon is to one the extremists end

annihilation! annihilation! annihilation!
self destruction! self destruction! self destruction!

streets are on fire!
death in our wake!

cars overturned!
bodies are raised!

you go on preaching religion as a political dogma
while you go on pain for and sanctioning vicious murders

annihilation! annihilation! annihilation!
praise destruction! raise destruction! raise destruction!

streets are on fire!
death in our wake

cars overturned!
bodies are raised!

annihilation is to one you know ways to the end
armageddon is to one the extremists eeeeeennnn!

you go on playing with peoples lives using their minds
you want total control, stay in line!

armageddon, the judgement day!

annihilation, are you gonna let them blow you away?

WRITTEN BY

BRUCE KAVIGHTS + CRUCIFIX

JIMMY - GUITAR CHRIS - DRUM

MATT - BASS

SOTHIRA-MOUTH

COOLS



CHORUS: I DON'T WANNA DIE FOR MY COUNTRY SAY HELL NOOOO
 I DON'T WANNA DIE FOR MY COUNTRY SAY HELL NOOOO
 VERSE: CAUSE I DON'T WANNA KILL SOMEONE I DON'T EVEN KNOW
 AND I DON'T WANNA GET ALOWN UP AND LOOSE MY LEGS
 HELL NO, HELL NO, NO, NO, NO, NO

Say
Hell no!

VOCALS - RAT'S ASS
GUITAR - PAT IMEL
BASS - BOOTS MAGNER
DRUMS - LOUIE

COPY WRITTEN BY SQUARE
 COOLS

WRITTEN BY PAT IMEL, SAL,

FOR BOOKING INFO TALK TO
 SPIKE OR CALL (916) 635-7624
 AND ASK FOR RAT'S ASS



LOS OLVIDADOS



Matt

drums

Ray

bass

Gerónimo

guitar

Mike

vocals

~~Code of Honor~~

What price would you pay?

How many more lives will be taken and crushed out?
How many more minds will be shattered -
destroyed by what they've been taught?

Can't you see what's all around you, all the times our
governments told you lies and yet you still follow -
Can't you see all they promote is lies - and if you want the
truth of freedom you must know what price you will pay.

And still, it all goes on around us, our government supplies
military aid to another, steps into civil wars, promotes racism,
supplies drugs to the youth of America to keep them happy,
and most of you just sit back and suck it all up.
Can't you see that this system is just a game?
They all know it, and they all still play it...

Smash it up This is no game - this is your life
The price you have to pay
It may hurt you more and more each day
but tomorrow the suffering will have gone
and those of us left must remain strong
It's a price - a price that just has to be payed, payed, payed
Everything that our society breeds -
Facism, Racism, Sexism... must end.

Vocals: Johnithin Christ Guitar: Mike Fox Bass: Dave Chavez
Drums: Sal Paradise Music & Lyrics: Code of Honor © 1982



photos: Erich Mueller © 1982

the UNAWARE



The Unaware is:

Frank Lesed - guitar and vocals
Ivan Idea - bass and backing vocals
Joey Myers - drums
Patrick Benatar - vocals

Photos by Dave Bales
Frank's guitar courtesy of Jumpy
long live "Forget It" magazine!
Hello to Skate Scene skatezine (wild hairs!)



THIS IS 1982! So what's the matter with you? Don't you know what it takes to be cool? Don't you know that anyone with more than a half inch of hair on their head in its natural color is a demon of normalcy and should be obliterated (or at least sneered at)? Don't you know that dancing is a sport which should be done with extreme prejudice towards your friends and enemies alike? Don't you know that destroying your mind and body with chemical substances which the CIA has made available for your use is in?

If you think all of this is true then you're truly unaware. However, if you are unaware that this is true or are even so brash as to think that this is false then maybe you can appreciate what the Unaware are all about.

The Unaware has been together since June, 1981. Their six song e.p., "This Is Not Art" on Burning Urine Cassettes, came out in April, 1982. "This Is Not Art" was the first release by a San Jose punk band since Count Five did "Psychotic Reaction" more than 15 years ago.

Though ostracized by the Silicon Valley drug and fashion elite, the group perseveres.

"This Is Not Art" is available by sending \$3 (or \$1.50 and a blank cassette) to the Committee for Artistic Purposelessness and Fun P.O. Box 20921 San Jose, CA 95160

"This Is Not Art" was produced by Sam Swartz and The Unaware

Race War

Race War in the street tonight:
Race War not just black, neither white
Race War not just a color name
Race War leaves a lot of people dead

Tonight it's coming down
The tension's too dense
It's gonna rip apart this town
The graffiti on the bathroom wall says more
than you wanna believe
Sure change is slow but change is what we need
RIGHT NOW.

This town's divided that's clear
The white's stay on one side
Everyone else is over there
How many Klansmen will it take to wake us up
Ask me that question after the
RACE WAR STOPS:

Look at L.A. and San Jose
Any city you can name
Blk or little, spill down the middle
We can't keep playing this same old game
Why is hatred the color
that slaves power to people
who won't even thinking
it's time to slap some attitudes
A step or two back
and realize there's no difference between
WHITE AND BLACK:

A charade, that's all this country is
They talk about democracy
but they're run by big business
The bill of rights is dominating
the way we live and
and the black can only bounce if it remains
UNGRANTED RACE WAR.

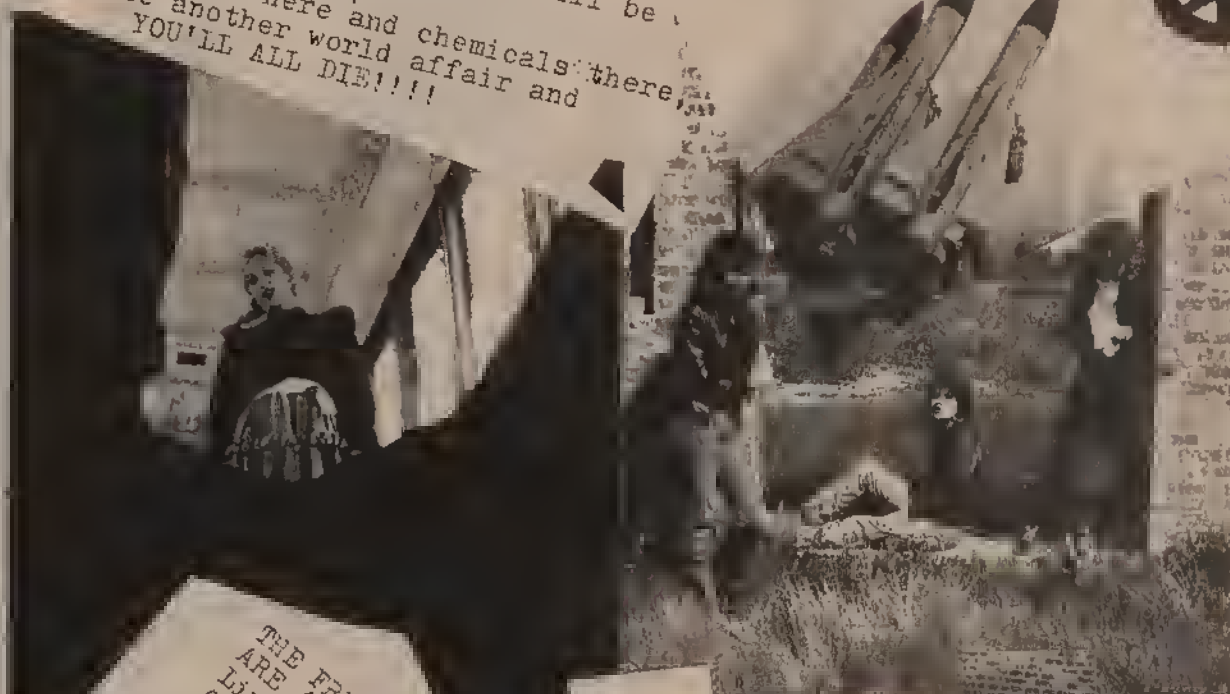
"Race War" is © 1982 Lithuanian Savage



THE WORLD IS IN TURMOIL CAN YOU HEAR THE PEOPLE SAY? THE COST OF LIVING'S RISING AND IT'S TOO YOUNG TO DIE!!

TURMOIL

Never mind the government, don't listen to what they say,
cause if you do a war is what they'll put you in today-
And you'll be in a training camp with the other boys (and lots of new toys!)
And then you'll learn to shoot a gun and drop a bomb and KILL and KILL and KILL and KILL!!!
And you and the other G.I. Joes will be marching off to war-
With nukes over here and chemicals there, it will be another world affair and YOU'LL ALL DIE!!!!



THE FRIGIDETTES
ARE (from left to right):
Linda Abrahamian- vocals
Cathy Pilobos- bass
Corrine Diaz- drums
Gina Arnold- guitar
They are a political band from Fresno, California. They've been in existence for six months now. Their goal is to express, through their music, the present world situations and how it affects individuals.

(JUST ANOTHER
POLITICAL GARAGE BAND)





WITHE
DELT
SCHOOL

DONT CONFORM

YOU CANT TELL ME WHAT TO DO
YOU CANT TELL ME HOW TO DRESS
YOU CANT TELL ME HOW TO ACT
CUZ I AINT LIKE THE REST

TH
TH

I DONT CONFORM
I WONT CONFORM
I DONT CONFORM
AND I' NEVER WILL

YOU CANT MAKE ME GET A JOB
YOU CANT MAKE ME GO TO SCHOOL
YOU WONT CHANGE ME
CUZ I'M NO GULLIBLE FOOL



CHORUS

DONT TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LAWS
DONT TELL ME ABOUT YOUR RULES
DONT TELL ME ANY OF THAT SHIT
CUZ I'M NO IGNORANT FOOL

CHORUS

DONT WASTE YOUR TIME
TRYIN TO CHANGE ME
CUZ I'LL NEVER CONFORM
CANT YOU SEE

CHORUS

MUSIC BY PETE
LYRICS BY MIKE

WIDE



646 S. VAN NESS
S.F., CALIF. 94110

PHOTOS BY MIREYAME
OR SEND WHATEVER TO
FOR BOOKING OR INFO: (415) 567-6914

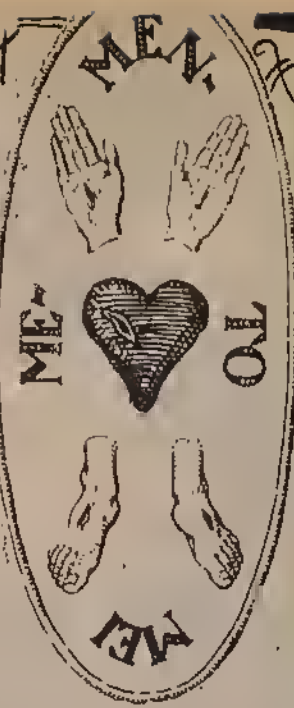
MALTON

RECORDED AND MIXED BY TOM

ACU XIII

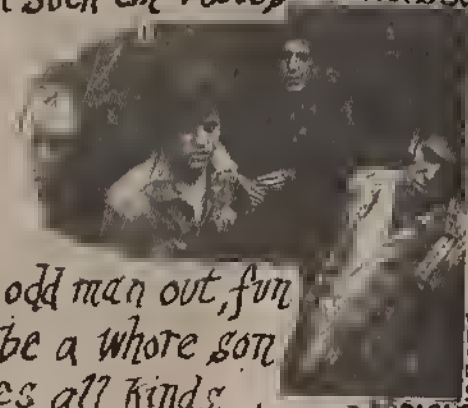
Ghost Dance

WO IS MI



Shrunken Heads

Sorfs up, here come the marines, looking for the enemy
Hollywood's true sons of liberty, rally round the flag groovy
Rich, poor proletariat, aging Bolshheviks love it love it
Blond haired, blue eyed, building blocks, rock'em sock'em robots
Shrunken Heads - 'aint got no rhythm
Shrunken Heads - dime store pagans
Shrunken Heads - worship false gods
Shrunken Heads - it's a fulltime job



Beat me daddy eight to one, the boys wanna play odd man out, fun
And the girls, well every debutante wants to be a whore son
And this is Americe, land of opportunity it takes all kinds
So give me your poor, give me your weak, give me your spoiled meat

One big happy family, a happening community, they love to talk
But dont you rock the boat, or the knee jerk mafia will cut you off
Fae ist, racist, theyll scream rape, and youll never get another date
Start the revolution without me, I really dont like the company



STIGMATA APPEARS-FAITH DOES MATTER

WHAT THOUS WLT VOX-STEVE
GUITAR-ERIC DRUMS-BRUCE
BASS-BEN



"I was surprised when I got a letter rather soon from a Hanukkah present. Then I realized that somebody might need to use it."

"It didn't make me nervous. I was excited and interested in it. I wanted to know all about how to handle it. I'm looking forward to shooting it at the same time as the other two. I'm sure that when I started I had a gun right in my pocket so that I could feel more safe and secure."

DAILY NEWS

Cries He Controlled My Life

Super Brenda Spencer has married a 27-year-old runaway who was his daughter's cellmate at Juvenile Hall. It was revealed over the weekend.

TERRORIST CHIC
An Explorations
by Michael Sauter

In the parking lot at a Houston plastics firm, five cars were damaged before the bulldozer struck an idle retrofitted car and elopped.

was die
Hilf
Bücher

Some clown in Sacramento was dragged into court
He shot his lawn mower
It was broken it wouldn't start
Might makes right, it's the American way
They fined him \$400 and sent him on his way
You know, some people don't take no shit
Maybe if they did they'd have half a brain left
©1982 Decay Music (BRM)

BTAFRA

ALL I KNOW

AND THE DAYS KEEP GOING BY
AND I REALIZE THAT I
SAY LESS AND LESS THE MORE I TRY
LESS AND LESS THE MORE I TRY

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
PEOPLE DON'T CARE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S TOO MUCH HATE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LOVE
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

REBEL TRUTH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
PEOPLE WON'T SHARE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S TOO MUCH GREED
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NO HONESTY
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
EVERYBODY'S ANGRY
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
MONEY MONEY MONEY
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THE SUFFERING WON'T STOP
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
THERE'S GONNA BE A WAR!
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TRUTH
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NO COMPASSION
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH
I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH
I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

Practice makes perfect

R
T

Box 22243 Sacramento, CA 95822

Junior Gunslinger



LEARNING PROCESS

the teachers told me I had poor ideas
so I hid myself in my childhood fears
I told them they were wrong what they
all said about me
and now I'm damaged and they still won't
let me be

the learning process shaping your career
the learning process teaching you to fear
the learning process showing you what is right
the learning process setting your sights

they taught me lies and they pushed their
weight around
pulled their power trips and and wouldn't let
me hear a sound
told me I was stupid and I had no future
in life
and its still with me a mental sacrifice

produced by Kevin Army
recorded at Bay Sound Reproduction

engineered by
Glen Oey

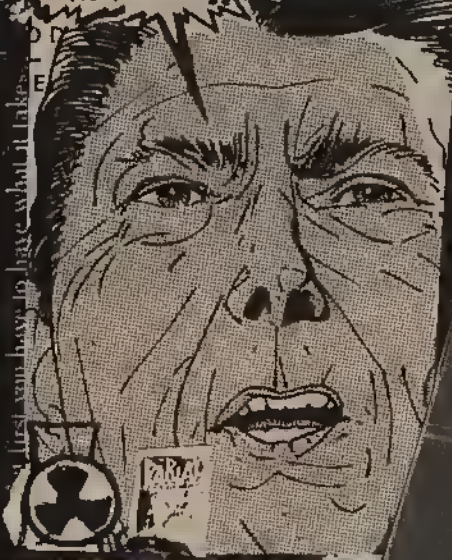
words and music
T.C., R.L.

© copyright 1982

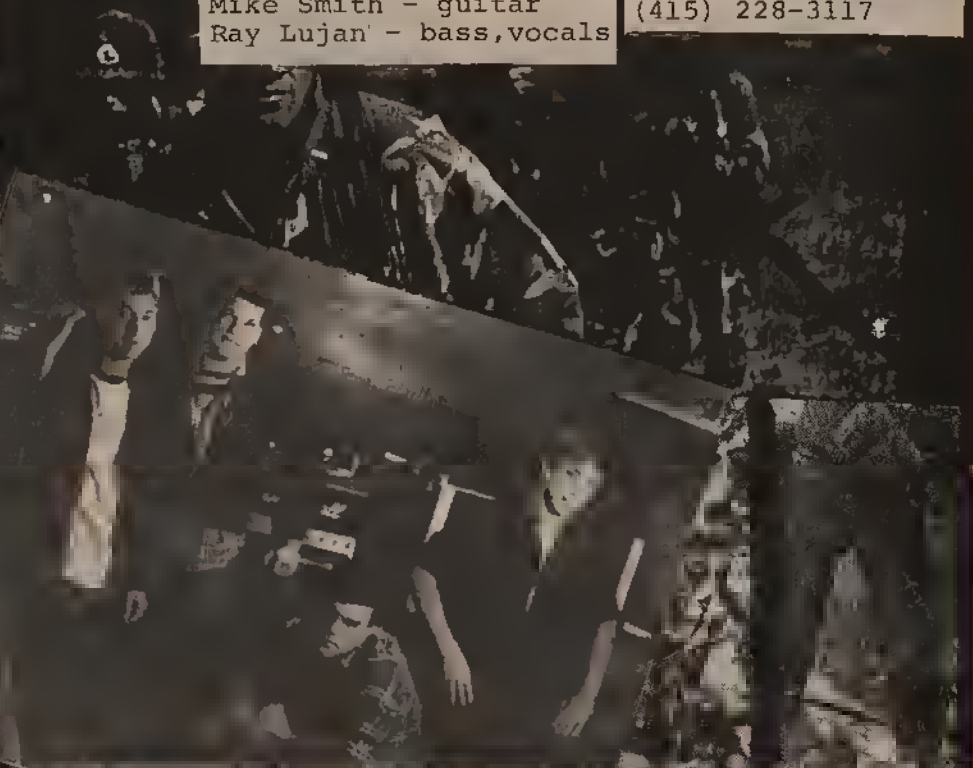
Tony Cox - vocals
Greg Travers - drums
Mike Smith - guitar
Ray Lujan - bass, vocals

INFORMATION, BOOKING
(415) 228-3117

IMME A NATCH'L
LIGHT, MAC!!



S.F.H.



Poster by Tony Cox

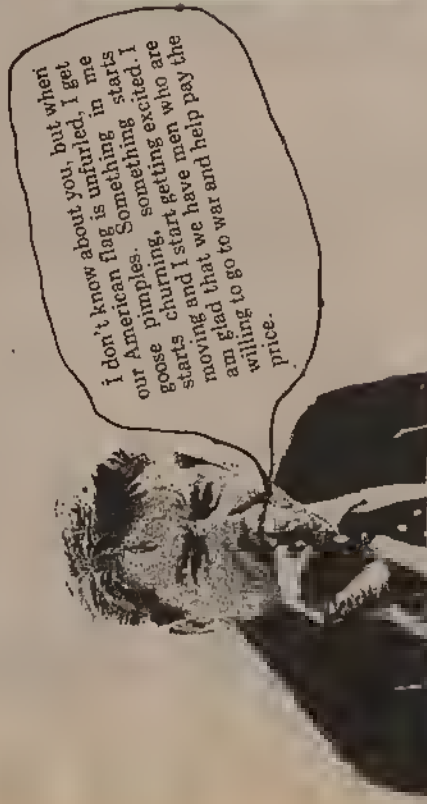
PARIAH

LENNONBURGER



Jumpin' Jeff Bale--Vocals
(ex-WAR ZONE, CHOCOLATE TELEPHONE POLES)
Mahavishnu Karmin Chia--Guitar
(PERV, ex-FRIED ABORTIONS)
Metal Mike--Drums
(ex-ROCKIN' BLENZ, VOM, JOHNNY REB BAND,
ANGRY SAMOANS, FRIED ABORTIONS)
Dino Washington--Slide Guitar
(TARTS, MURPHY-ST. PAUL)

"EVERYTHING WE TOUCH TURNS TO SHIT"



I don't know about you, but when
our American flag is unfurled, I get
our pimples. Something starts
goose churning, something excited. I
starts churning, something excited. I
moving and I start getting men who are
am glad to go to war and help pay the
price.

"REAGUM"

Well Reagan's got a lot of faults
He's a rightist pig but that's not all
He's got some habits he won't discuss
He picks his buggers and chews them up
Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his nose and chewing it, chewing it
Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his ass and chewing it
Ronnie sniffs and smiles a lot
After he's been sitting on the pot
The stench inside can't be contained
It contaminates the world in America's name
Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his ass and chewing it, chewing it
Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his nose and chewing it
We know why Nancy spent so much
To give the White House her personal touch
She had to match the green and brown
That Ronnie spread all over her gown

Music by Chia
Lyrics by J. Bale
Produced by Tom Mallon



LENNONBURGER Jammin' at Altamont
"They're bigger than God," one fan gushed

(IMPATIENT) YOUTH



PRAISE THE LORD AND
PASS THE AMMUNITION

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
GOD IS ON OUR SIDE

BATTLING OVER THE BOOK SLAUGHTERING OVER THE PSALMS
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER WITH YOUR SWORD AND CROSS
PUTTING THE FEAR OF GOD INTO HEATHEN FLESH
THE BLOOD EASILY WASHED OFF OF THE CHRISTIAN HAND
CLEANSED IN THE RIVER OF LIES PROMISE OF SALVATION
FROM THE MOUTH OF MAD MEN'S INTERPRETATIONS
DON'T FORGET THE GOLDEN RULE
THE MAN WITH THE GOLD IS MAKING THE RULES

BILLY MARTIN
MARK ANDERSON
CHRISTOPHER FISHER

this is your best role yet!

DEMENTED Youth

(crowd noise) Mr. President | (gun shots)

Ronald Reagan you make me sick
Ronald Reagan you're a fucking dick
Reagans a fascist and he cant deny
he's a fucking fascist and I hope he dies

CHORUS:

Assassination attempt, this time we missed
Dont worry Reagan you're still on the list
Donald Reagan you lied to us
were gonna run you over with a Grayhound bus

ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT

who
died
and
made you
president



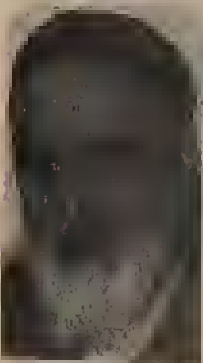
Hinkley's
innocent

Reagans eating acid jelly beans
he's tripping out on the political scene
Ronnie does whatever monny says
She runs the country but she wont give him head

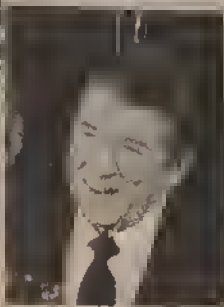
All the assholes who voted for you were given the shaft
Kill for democracy, your stuck with the draft
Fuck you Reagan we dont need your type
fuck you Reagan we dont think youre right

Ronald Reagan you son of a bitch
Ronald Reagan you favor the rich
Ronald Reagan you better wake up
Better watch out or well fuck you up

Swinger's
Next



BEFORE



AFTER

Nothing personal com.



watch
out
Ron



we want Dez

LAND OF THE THRUSTER
JEFF FREE



KKK. FUCK OFF

TONY - bass

EL SALVADOR,
vietnam take two!!



FALATI
Mayor

Thanks tim

Guitar - RONI RAGE
photos by: AL HAIG

Demented Youth are youths which are given no reason,
ie... "Pledge allegiance", "Die-its your duty", "DO what we say".

D.Y.

MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS



Blue by Day/White by Night is a reality. The Klan and the police have always been united in their function, and now they are becoming increasingly united in their memberships. Their unity has been exposed by the forces who have had the most experience fighting them. When the United League of Mississippi marched against the Klan on November 25, 1978, Mississippi policemen in Klan robes appeared on national television. It was also revealed that applications for the Klan are distributed at police headquarters in Tupelo, Mississippi. In Jackson, Mississippi, Meriden, Connecticut, and Nashville, Tennessee, the Klan has demonstrated to support killer cops who have murdered Black people. And all across the country, the police protect the Klan. Police forces are a primary recruiting ground for the Klan. Cops are filling the ranks of the Klan and other white supremacist organizations and are becoming more and more open about it. In Bowling Green, Kentucky, for example, the public relations man for the police has been seen distributing Klan literature in his police uniform. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Klansmen on the police force wear white supremacy medallions. In Texas, the Klan brags about its members on the Houston, Galveston, and Fort Worth police forces.

Jackson, Mississippi policeman Gary King shot Dorothy Brown, a pregnant Black woman to death. The Klan demonstrated in support of the police. August 26, 1980.

Philadelphia killer cop John "Rabid Dog" Ziegler, 34, handcuffed, pistol-whipped, then shot William Green, a seventeen-year-old Black youth, for a traffic violation in Philadelphia. August 26, 1980.

Brooklyn killer cops beat Luis Baez and shot him 21 times, claiming that he was going to stab them with a pair of children's scissors. August 22, 1979.

Houston pigs Joseph Janish, Steven Orlando, Terry Densau, Carlless Elliott, Glen Brinkmeyer, and Lewis Kinney beat Jose Campos Torres, handcuffed his hands and feet, and threw him into Buffalo Bayou.

Los Angeles pigs Edward M. Hopson and Lloyd W. O'Callaghan shot Eula Love eight times in her own yard after she refused to let a gas serviceman turn off her gas because of a \$22.09 delinquent bill. January 3, 1979.

The police are killers. The murders that they commit are systematic. Not one killer cop has ever been convicted of murder and most are not even indicted.



THE ONLY GOOD COP . . .

Dead Cops (chorus)

Down on the street
Giving poor the heat
With their clubs and guns
Doing it for fun
(chorus)

Big, bad and blue
They're in the Klan too
Brutality is their sport
Let's put them to the torch
(chorus)

Whatcha gonna do
When the Mafia in blue
Come huntin for queers,
Niggers and you
(chorus)

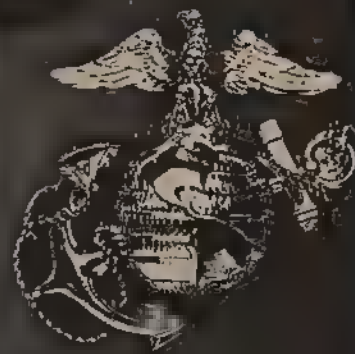
Time for a switch
Army of the rich
Macho fuckin slaves
We'll piss on your graves
(chorus)

MDC

EX-TEX. \$ + @ # %

Damage

PLACE
YOUR
PICTURE
HERE
FOOL



The Few.

The Proud.

The



SIGNED UP FOR 2 YEARS
KILLING FOR YOUR COUNTRY
NEVER ASK THEM QUESTIONS
JUST GO OUT AND DO IT
YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

STARTED OUT AS PRIVATE
BUT YOU SAVED A LOT OF RUCKIES
NOW YOU'RE A GENERAL
KILLING MAKES YOU HAPPY
YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

YOU LED YOUR TROOPS
INTO AN AMBUSH
THEY CALLED IT A MASSACRE
YOU DIED A BIG HERO
YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

CHRIS - VOCALS

ERIC - BASS

JAKE - DRUMS

GLENN - GUITAR

San Francisco



DOMINO THEORY

SCARE

BONES OF TREASURE, FLESH TO DUST
DAMAGE IS DONE AND HERE'S A BODY.
ALL I SEE AROUND IS WASTE AND RUST
PROVES WHAT I'D KNOWN, DIDN'T NEED THE SOLDIER

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR BLOWING HIDE

RADIOS BLARING SIREN NOISE
SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC AND A WARNING
LOOK IN THE WINDOW, BROKEN GLASS
LET HEADLINE READ 'RADAR SHONING'

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR BLOWING HIDE

RICHMAN, POORMAN, COOLS AND CREEPS
ALL OVER, EVERYONE LOST THEIR GLORY
THE DEAD ARE HAPPY THEY WENT FAST
BUT I HURT SLOW AND SLOW I'M GOING

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR BLOWING HIDE

©1982 'INSIDE



KURT
(DRUGS)

CHRIS
(OUTRAGE)

DON'T RUN, DON'T GIVE IN TO ANYONE
YOU'VE GOT A MIND BLIND
DON'T GIVE IT AWAY BLIND



MO
BASS
VOCALS

Chevron

McDonald's

PREVENTION
TREATMENT
RESEARCH



NAZI BITCH AND THE JEWS



DEAD PORKER

WHAT AM I WHEN I BUST UP PARTYS
WHO AM I CAUSE I DON'T LIKE DRUGS
I HAVE NO CARE FOR HUMANITY
I TREAT ALL MY PEOPLE LIKE SLUGS
I GOT A BADGE, I GOT A GUN
I GOT A CAR WITH RED LIGHTS
I ROAM AROUND ON NIGHT PATROL
I GET IN STREET FIGHTS

THEY MAKE BELIEVE I'M GOOD
ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW
BUT I'M ALWAYS ON THE TAKE
WHEN I'M DOING MY FUCKED UP JOB
I'M THE KING OF POLICE BRUTALITY
I'M THE ONE WHO THROWS AWAY THE KEY
ONE DAY MY BRAIN WILL DRAIN
FROM LIVING TWO LIVES: NORMAL & INSANE

DEAD PORKER-DEAD PORKER
THATS WHAT I'M GONNA BE
DEAD PORKER-DEAD PIGGY
DIE IN A BLOODY SCENE

DEAD PORKER-DEAD PORKER
THATS WHAT I'M GONNA BE
DEAD PORKER-DEAD PIGGY
DIE IN A BLOODY SCENE

FADE OUT: HELP ME, SAVE ME, OH PLEASE DON'T HURT ME. I'LL CHANGE, YOU'LL SEE
I PROMISE, I SWEAR, CAUSE I DON'T WANNA BE A DEAD PORKER-NO, NO, NO

"DEAD PORKER" WORDS BY/STAN FAIRRINGTON-MUSIC BY/STEVE BRADSHAW & RICK RENEU
PRODUCED BY BRIAN CORLEY-RECORDED AT SUB-BASEMENT STUDIOS

MY CALL TO

THE BAND

ANNELLE ZINGARELLI---THE VOCALS
STEVE BRADSHAW---GUITAR
STAN FAIRRINGTON---BASS, VOCALS
JUNE BEARD---DRUMS

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

THE SUBTRATIONS, RICK R, \$JAMES\$, DOUG, KEVIN V.D.
X-RAY DOG, AND OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE BEEN WITH US
SINCE MAY, 31, 1980, THEY KNOW WHO THEY ARE.....

N.B.J. IS NAZI BITCH AND THE JEWS. WE'RE NOT RACISTS, WE'RE NOT FACISTS,
WE'RE REALISTS. WHEN WAR BREAKS OUT, IT'S GOING TO BE US, THE YOUTH OF
TODAY THAT HAVE TO GO, NOT THE PEOPLE UP ON CAPITOL HILL. WE WANT PEOPLE
TO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED ONCE, SO THEY'RE PREPARED IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN..
THAT'S WHY THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS STILL STAND IN DACHAU, SO PEOPLE WILL
NEVER FORGET THAT TRAGEDY IN 1942. IT'S 1982 AND PEOPLE HAVE TO THINK FOR
THEMSELVES, NOT BE WILLING TO BE LED BY ANY ONE VOICE. LIVING IN A COUNTRY
THAT HAS A PRESIDENT WHO USED TO STAR IN MOVIES WITH A MONKEY CAN'T
REALLY BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. WE NEED TO LOOK AT LIFE AND STAND FOR OURSELVES,
LEARN HOW TO LAUGH AT SOCIETY, OTHERWISE WE'RE GOING TO DIE BEING AFRAID
OF IT. BESIDES FRESNO'S DEAD AND WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO HAVE FUN!!!!

the president
Senate," he
stance to the
at became
president's

which he said
negotiations
resident had
"was more
his remarks
day morning
that Reagan's
talks had
ats that they
ng."

spokesman
on Reagan's
negotiations,
Democrats
that Reagan
leadlock that
ould exploit

anty feel that
eau has far
house of
nber."

ish this were
terrible to be
rganization,"

his
copy
right
*DARK KNIGHT
MUSIC* 1980

1980

TG

Don't let this happen in Our City

and, since the group lacks both quality and general appeal, we are not willing to risk engaging a group with their reputation, especially since "Whipping Boy" is not of high quality and that the group has limited appeal. These, however, are

Finally, there is a modicum of courtesy, respect and professional behavior necessary for the running of any organization like STARTS. "Whipping Boy" fell short on all three counts.

unwillingness to take what he defines as a "risk" on a punk band. It seems that Garwood expects hordes of crazed, spike-haired and bechained mania to come out of the woodwork to smash Tresidder's plate with rocks.

on the grounds (or grounds) that their music is vulgar and depressing.

The NIGHTMARE you can't escape **ALIVE!**

Give Women A Licence To Kill
Be An Exceeding
Learn To Murder
Learn To Kill
Legalize Abortion
Protect Children
Like A Sheep

Knowledge is power

WANTED

Instinct pulls your foot away . . . You look down, and you see . . .

What is the worst act a woman can be forced to commit... again and again...

WHERE THERE'S SEX

THERE'S HORROR

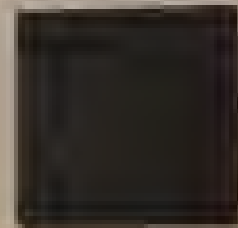
CONTROL YOURSELF OR WE WILL DO IT FOR YOU
YOU AREN'T THE FIRST TO HATE THE WAYS WE'VE BROKEN MEN BEFORE YOU
A MILLION ZOMBIES STARING BLANK A MILLION BRAINLESS DRONES
THEY GO TO WORK AND WATCH TV AND REPRODUCE THEIR CLONES
TO WAR WE GO LET'S REAP WHAT YOU DON'T TRY TO BE A FARM
DON'T ASK WHY AND DON'T WASTE TIME DON'T TRY TO BE A FARM
DON'T FIGHT OR YELL DON'T ACT SO MAD
WE NEED YOUR BLOOD BUT WON'T TELL WHY
TILL HARVEST TIME IS HERE
LET'S HARVEST TIME SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE
A HUMAN FARM THAT HAS A CROP AND NO ONE HAS A CLUE
WHY DO YOU LEAD THIS BORING LIFE
AND LIVE AND DIE ON CUE
YOU'LL LIVE OUR WAY YOU'LL DIE OUR WAY
AND DYINGS JUST AS WELL
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH
CAN'T BE WORSE THAN THIS HELL
TO WAR WE GO LETS REAP WHAT YOU SOW
DEATH CAMPS AND BURNING BODIES
DEATH CAMPS AND BURNING BODIES
ON THE EVENING NEWS
SUFFERING LITTLE JEWS

THIS ISSUE
EVERYBODY DIES!

ANGST



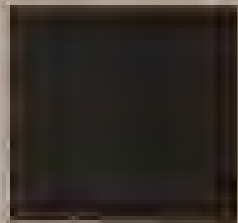
PHOTO: ROYE



MICHAEL HURSEY
DRUMS



JOSEPH POPE
BASS VOCALS



JON E. RISK
GUITAR VOCALS

WORKER BEE

(J. POPE) :55

WE DON'T CARE THAT WE WORK ALL DAY
GETTING PAID MINIMUM WAGE
WE DON'T COMPLAIN AND WE MAKE NO FUSS
OUR BOSS IS SO MUCH SMARTER THAN US
WE ARE BEES IN A COLONY

WRK, WRK, WRK
'TIL WE ARE FREE

WRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WRK WILL SET YOU FREE

IT REALLY ISN'T QUITE THAT BAD
SHDES ON MY FEET AND A SHIRT ON MY BACK
I LIVE ALONE IN ONE WHOLE ROOM
MIGHT EVEN BUY SOME FURNITURE SOON
IT'S ALL THE COMPANY
THEY CARE ABOUT YOU
CARE ABOUT YOU AND ME

WRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WRK WILL SET YOU FREE

© 1982 MOBILE MODULAR MUSIC
PRODUCED BY: KLAUS, TOM AND ANG & ST RECORDED AT: MALLON STUDIOS
BAND INFO: % J. POPE 3855 18TH ST. S.F., CA 94114 APRIL 1982

FREE BEER

"THE ONLY BEER THAT MATTERS"

PREMATURE ENLISTMENT

THE FEW THE PROUD THE MENTALLY ILL.
HERES A GUN KILL.
YOU JOINED THE ARMY TO STRAITEN OUT
YOUR LIFE
NOW THERES A WAR YOUR GONNA HAVE
TO FIGHT
COMMIES AND NAZIS FIGHTING EVERYWHERE
AND YOU DONT EVEN CARE
THE OTHER DAY OUT ON THE RIFLE RANGE
YOUR FRIEND BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS
BLOOD AND GUTS WAR YOUR JUST A YOUNG BOY
YOUR LUCKY IF YOU LIVE TO 24
AND THEY TOLD YOU JOINING WAS SUCH A DEAL
ITS YOUR LIFE THERE GONNA STEAL

CHORUS

ARE YOU READY TO WATCH YOUR FRIENDS GLOW
WHEN THE NUCULAR SWITCH IS THROWN
NUCLAR FOREPLAY HAS LASTED SO LONG
CONSIDER YOURSELF GONE
ON THE BATTLEFIELD WONDERING WHY YOU SIGNED
AND LET THESE PEOPLE PLAY WITH YOUR MIND
AND THEY TOLD YOU JOINING WAS SUCH A DEAL
ITS YOUR LIFE THERE ABOUT TO STEAL.

FREE BEER
THE INGREDIENTS
DANNY-GUITAR
TONY-GUITAR
MIKIE-MIC
STEVIE-DRUMS
TOMMY-BASS

THE BAND WAS BREWED IN DEC.81
IT CONCISTS OF 3/5 REVENGE 1/5
A.L.A 1/5 ALCOHOLIC. FREE BEERS
MAIN WORRIES ARE THE DRINKING
AGE, THE TECHNICOLOR YAWN, AND
THE RAISING OF BEER PRICES.
IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS WRITE
TO US AT: FREE BEER
1279 7th AVE.
S.F. CA. 94122

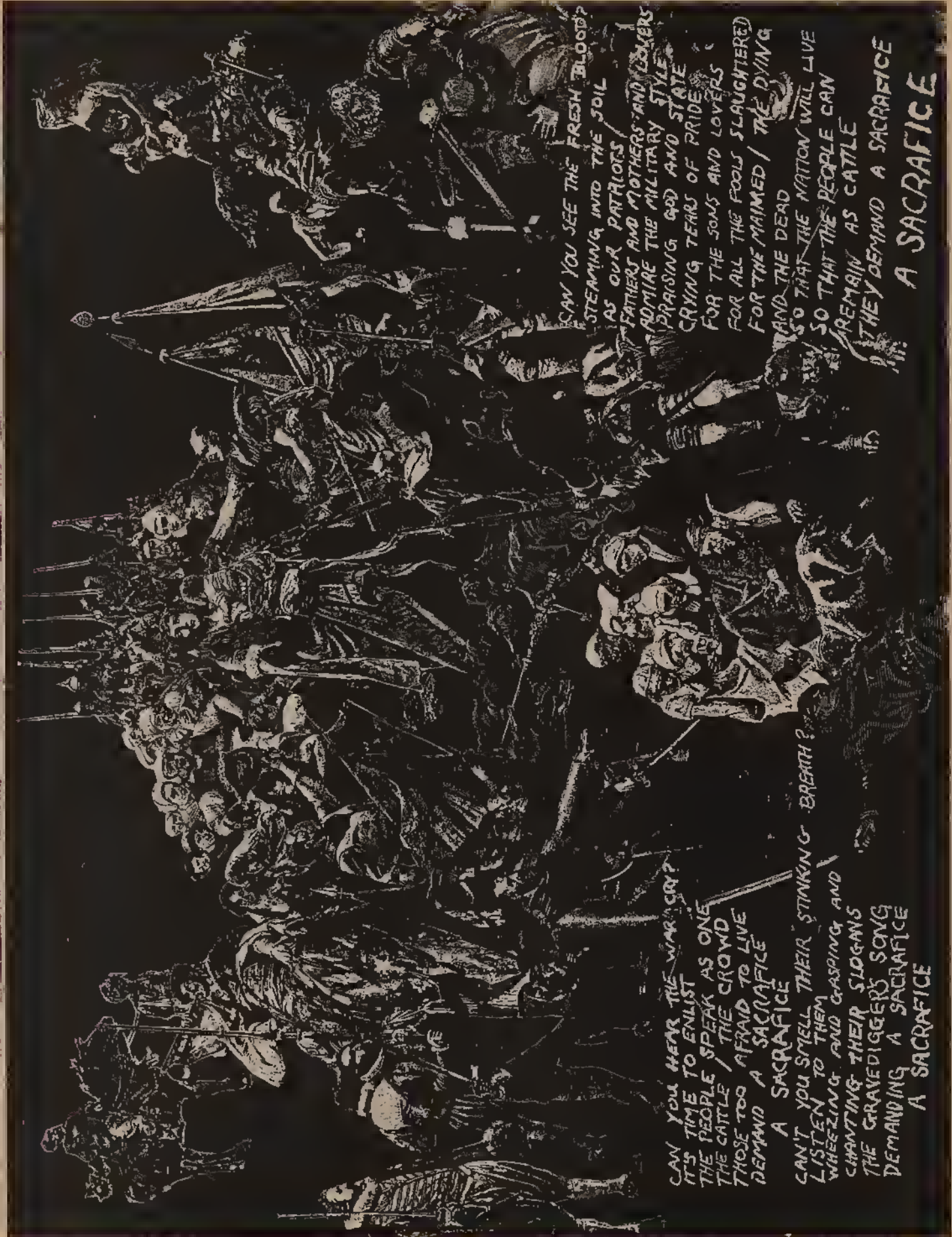


UNABLE TO MAKE BAND
PHOTO: TOMMY(hungover)



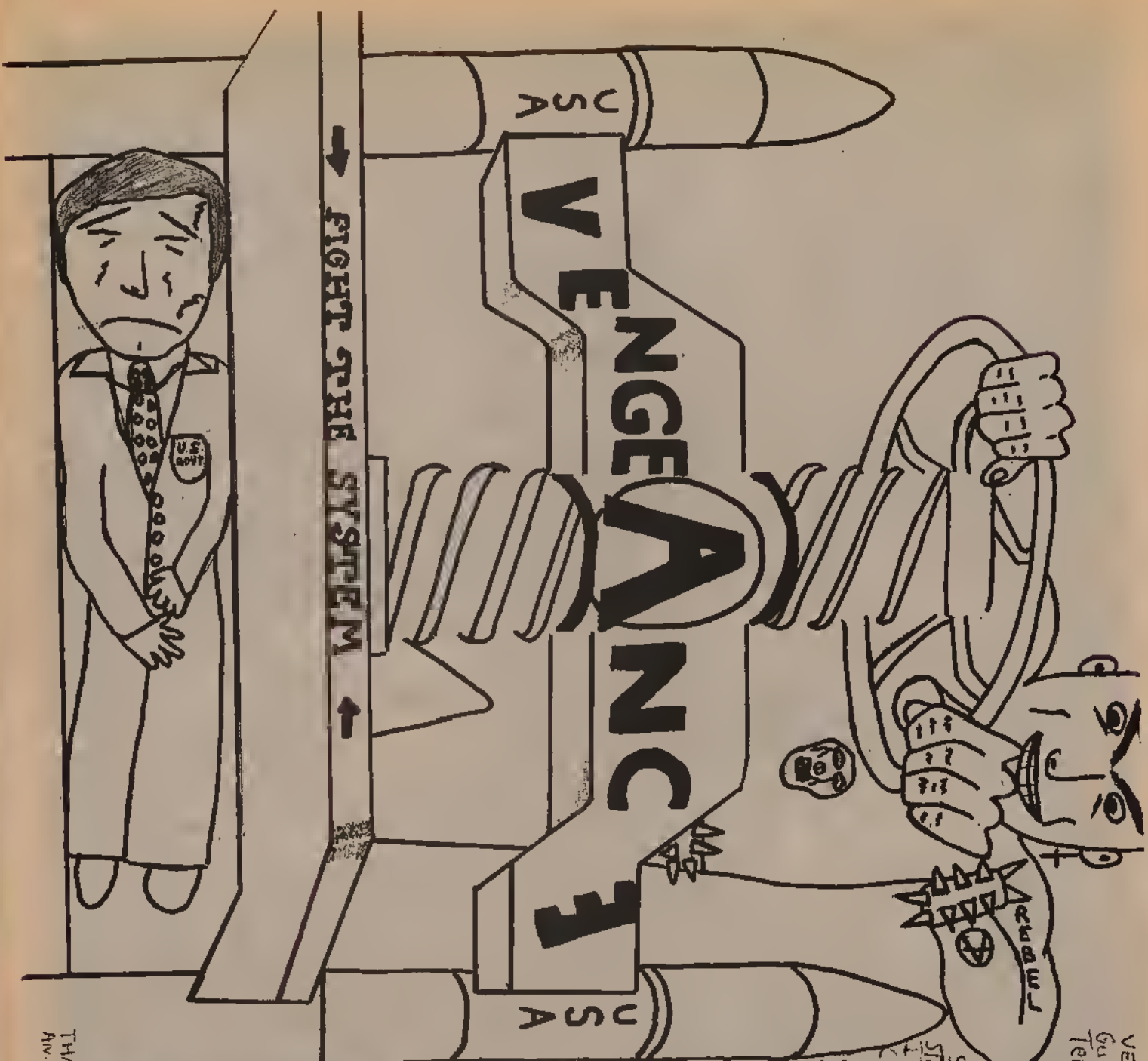
RECORDED AT TOM MALLON
STUDIOS SF.

PRODUCED BY T. MALLON & FREE BEER



CAN YOU SEE THE FRESH BLOOD?
STEAMING INTO THE SOIL
AS OUR PATRIOTS
FATHERS AND MOTHERS AND LOVERS
ADMIRE THE MILITARY STYLE
PRaising GOD AND STATE
CRYING TEARS OF PRIDE
FOR THE SONS AND LOVERS
FOR ALL THE FOOLS SLAUGHTERED
FOR THE MAIMED / THE DYING
AND THE DEAD
SO THAT THE NATION WILL LIVE
SO THAT THE PEOPLE CAN
REMAIN AS CATTLE
IF THEY DEMAND A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE

CAN YOU HEAR THE WAR CRY?
IT'S TIME TO ENLIST
THE PEOPLE SPEAK AS ONE
THE CATTLE / THE CROWD
THOSE TOO AFRAID TO LIVE
DEMAND A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE
CAN'T YOU SMELL THEIR STINKING BREATH?
LISTEN TO THEM
WHEEZING AND GRASPING AND
CHANTING THEIR SLOGANS
THE GRAVEDIGGERS SONG
DEMANDING A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE



VENGEANCE 15: TIMMY IN THE D-
GUITARS AND BACKING VOX-19-
TERRY PARKER - DRUM KIT-18-
ROBB SUAVE - BASS - 17.

82 JX-VOCALS - 20
NO ONE LISTENING BY INMATE
ARRANGED BY VENGEANCE 3 (C)
SITTING AROUND THINKING THINGS TO SAY
STAYING TO-FIGHT TO WIN WHAT YOU WANT
IT'S FUCKED CAUSE THERE HERE TO STAY
CAN'T KILL 'EM, KEEPIN YOUR RECORD CLEAN
- NO ONE LISTENING TO A WORD I SAY
Read about everything you're around
IT SUCKS CAUSE NOTHING EVER GETS DONE
The President should be 'gassed' and bound
This life of ours is not fun
- NO ONE LISTENING TO A WORD I SAY
Youth needs a chance to speak
EVERYONE TAKIN A FIRM STANCE
Don't be stupid, don't be weak
DON'T GO AND BLEW YOUR ONLY CHANCE
- NO ONE LISTENING TO A WORD I SAY
THINGS SHOULD BE DONE MY WAY
'CAUSE IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN
IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN
IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN YOU'LL BE DEAD!!
(repeat)

(82)



THANKS TO MAKE FOR P.C. AND CREDITS
AND OUT OF IT, AND ALL FUNK.

JUSTICE

'The cops is beating on the punks'

"They told me
that if they saw me on the streets again they'd kill me"

STANDING AROUND - HANGING OUT
SOME GETTING ROWDY - SOME GETTING DRUNK
HANGIN' OUT - HAVIN' FUN - MINDIN' OUR
BUSINESS NOT HURTIN' NOONE

THE KOPZ ARE HERE, NOW WHAT DO WE
DO? WHO STARTED SHIT? NOT ME, NOT YOU
THEYVE GOT OUR FRIEND, NOW WHAT DO
WE DO? THEYRE GONNA BEATHIM
BLACK AND BLUE!!

THEYRE TAKING HIM AWAY, WHAT DIDHE DO?
I FEEL HELPLESS, I FEEL LIKE A FOOL
WE YELL REAL LOUD, BUT WE BETTER
CALM DOWN:
'COZ ONE OF US JUST HIT THE GROUND!

The particular incident the group was protest-
ing occurred in the early hours of Sunday morning
outside of the Sound of Music, a punk rock club on
Turk Street.

Police had been called to break up a gathering
of punk rockers outside the club, many of them
juveniles.

S&M NIGHTMARE!!

"All the time, man, all the time," said one, "th-
cops is beating on the punks. We're tired of it,
man."

...AN YOU KNOW IT'LL PASS ANY STREET
PROSK CAUSE NOBODY IN THE WORLD IS
AS TERRIFIED BY THE HOMOSEXUAL HALF
OF HIMSELF - AS A COP IS.



THANK: AL, THE MDC CURSING
SECTION (BACKUP VOCALS), KLAUS
FLOURIDE FOR RECORDING THIS SHIT,
CHRIS FROM THE LOWE FOR PRACTICING
WITHUS (SORRY CHRIS), IGUANA,
TIM YOHANN, OH YEAH
AND TOM MALLON FOR MAKING IT SOUND LESS DECENT

KTODAY'S PIG
TOMORROWS' BACON

SPALAT!



CHASIS
(VERMIN)
SAVINO
VOCAL ABUSE

RON
CHARLES
BASS

JON
(ST) VITUS
GUITAR



PIC: GRACE

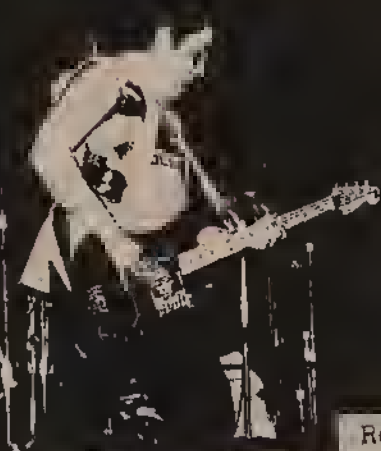
WE FORCED AL FROM MDC TO PLAY DRUMZ

SECTION 8

Dim-vocals
Tom-drums
Louie-bass
Jim-guitar



Photos-Bev, Terry, Lynn & Hellen



Recorded by Jon Bell
Mixed by Clem Fisher

"FAT, DRUNK & STUPID"

Fat, drunk and stupid
Ain't no way to go through life
Fat, drunk and stupid
Ain't no way to go through life

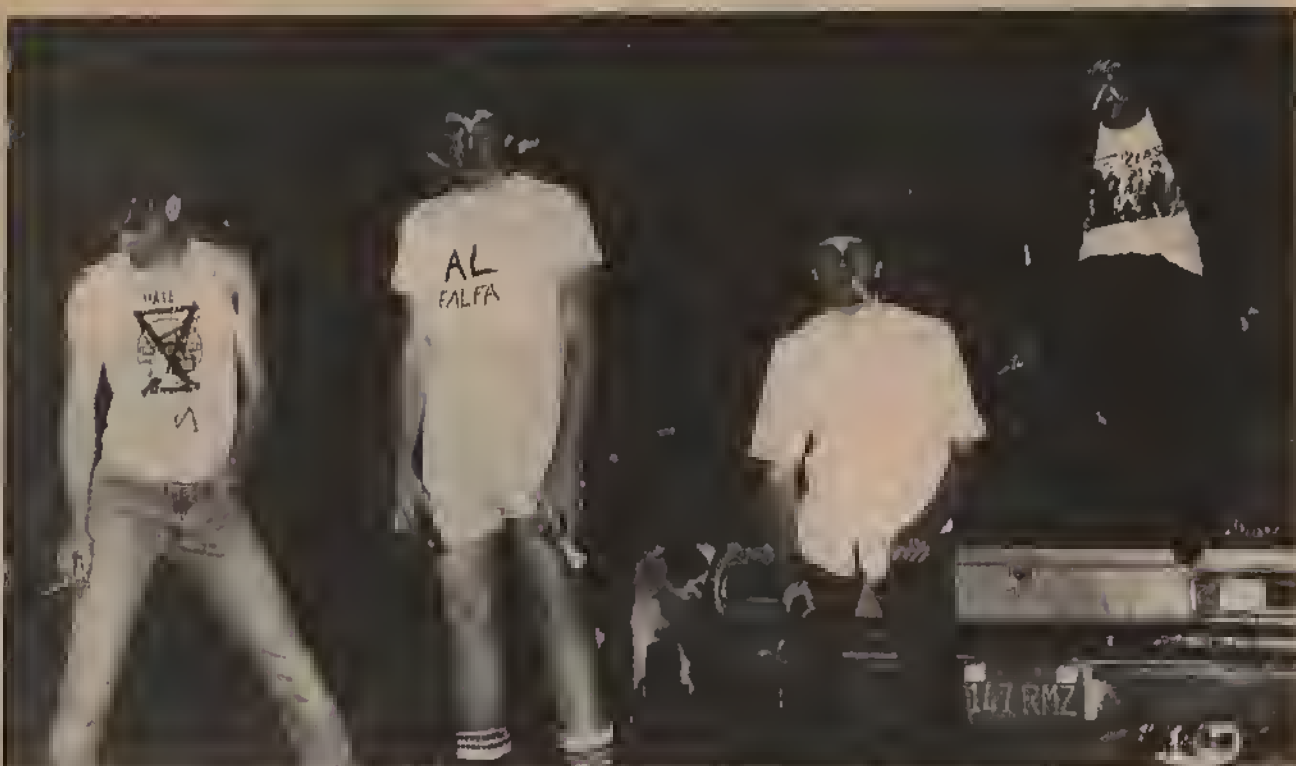
It's my right! It's my right!
It's my right! It's my right!

Fat, drunk and stupid
Don't care, ain't going nowhere
Fat, drunk and stupid
Don't care, ain't going nowhere

It's my life! It's my life!
It's my life! It's my life!

Copyright © 1982 Section 8





NIVAG RETSEVI-GUITAR AL FALFA-VOGALS BURNI NGUREN-DRUMS DR. FRANKLIN O. SWING-BASS

- P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR MUSICAL INFLUENCES?
NIVAG-THE SOUND OF A WATERFALL.
AL-SELAB EVAD, DON HO, AND CHARLES MANSON.
BURNI-MALO, AZTECA, THE FARTZ, AND LOS OLVIDADOS.
FRANKLIN-AL FALFA, SUSAN FLUTE, JOMOMA, AND MY MOM.
- P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES?
NIVAG-CONTRACTING HEPATITUS AND SURVIVING, AND PAINTING TELEPHONE POLES YELLOW.
AL-KILLING THINGS, THROWING DUNG, AND BITING PEOPLE.
BURNI-JERKING, AND WRITING ON THE SEATS ON THE BUS.
FRANKLIN-MATH, EATING, AND TRASHING ART MAJORS.
- P.F.-WHAT IS THE TRUE MEANING OF LIFE?
NIVAG-LIFE IS GREEN, LIFE IS MEAN, BUT MOST OF ALL LIFE IS OBSCENE.
AL-JOHN WAYNE'S ARMPITS HOLD THE ANSWER.
BURNI-MICROWAVE BURRITOS.
FRANKLIN-SOLVING INTEGRALS.
- P.F.-WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
NIVAG-I WAS BORN IN HIROSHIMA, JAPAN IN 1945.
AL-THE MORGUE.
BURNI-THE BARRIOS OF VILNIUS, LITHUANIA.
FRANKLIN-A BLACK HOLE BUILT IN MY BACKYARD.
- P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR GOALS IN LIFE?
NIVAG-TO SOMEDAY POSE FOR A CHARLES ATLAS POSTER, THEN GET LOST IN A GLUE FACTORY.
AL-TO ABUSE EVERYTHING EXCEPT DRUGS.
BURNI-IN THREE YEARS OF LITTLE LEAGUE SOCCER I SCORED SEVEN GOALS AND TWENTY ASSISTS.
FRANKLIN-TO NOT END UP FACE DOWN IN THE CUTTER THIS YEAR.
- P.F.-DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR ADORING FANS?
NIVAG-STAY AWAY FROM GREG'S BAR AND GRILL ON 9TH STREET THE CHILLI WILL FRY YOUR BRAIN.
AL-EAT PICKLED OKRA AND BE HAPPY.
BURNI-IF YOU HAVE TITS AND LIPS MEET ME BACKSTAGE.
FRANKLIN-BUY THIS RECORD AND SEND ME MONEY.

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
WE'RE HERE TO GET JAMES WATT
WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
AND HIS WHOLE ADMINISTRATION

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
MOE KHADAFY IS OUR BOSS
WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
IT'S NOBODY'S LOSS

WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT
WE WANNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
AND LAUGH WHILE WE WATCH HIM DIE

WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
MOE KHADAFY IS OUR BOSS
WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
IT'S NOBODY'S LOSS

WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILLLLLLL
&\$%?!?&*\$#@**%\$+*YA!!

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
TONGUE AVULSION.

INTERVIEW BY PIG FOOT.

MANIAX

OFF TO WAR

off to war I'm gonna die
 off to war you're gonna cry
 off to war in a rut
 off to war kick your butt
 off to war blood and gore
 off to war more and more
 off to war on the floor
 off to war out the door

more and more and more
 hup two three four
 left right left right
 off to war!

(Repeat as long as you want)

written by the Mitchell twins
 recorded at Eric's house
 July 1981 in Fresno

Gregg Mitchell

.....vocals

Rob Mitchell

.....vocals

Nick Urbina

.....guitar

Eric Dansby

.....drums



The Maniax Story...

It all started last summer, when we were bored with Fresno and tired of all the heavy-metal commercialism. With a lack of instruments, a lousy recorder, and a knowledge of current events, we formed a punk band and made songs. We sent our tapes to KPFA and got much airplay & raves. This led to cult status and a headlining gig at The Mabuhay in San Francisco, but we never thought that we'd be on a compilation album!!!

"Punk is about the only free political forum we have left, and I want to show that even 14 year-olds can act intelligent without video games ruling their lives."

"The boring, rock, mainstream society in which we live in is what I hate the most! Punk is hot, I love to thrash, and my idol is Joe Strummer."

"I like to make music, the kind I want to hear and play, not the hard rock scum society has forced on us. Punk and new music is on the rise, and so are we."

"I hate it when people that haven't heard punk rock before say that it sucks. It really makes me sick!"

Special Thanks to:
 Jim and the Gang, Jello, Dale,
 Eric T., Lynda, Gary, Anelle,
 Eric Holt, Elise, Moms & Dads,
 the Fresno bands and pets
 all our friends and pets

MANIAX®

"NO THERE'S NO FAN CLUB..."

MADE POSSIBLE
 BY US!

FIGHT THE VICIOUS CIRCLE they've got us in. Use your brain to fight those who don't have brains; the government, the moral majority, the right wing, nazis, fascists, the KKK, dumbfucks who believe everything they see and hear from the barrage of censored media shit that pounds your senses from the government. **FIGHT THEM ALL.** Middle class right wing idiots laugh at us because we don't accept their ways and don't fit into their mold. **THE LAUGHING WILL STOP.** Their control is all a fucking act. Reagan, Haig, Fallwell, all act as if they are in control. **NO MORE DECEPTION.** False smiles of contentment. **THEY RUN SCARED.** Scared of those who offer an alternative, or at least realize their deception. **FUCK MAJORITY RULE!** No one rule Defile every bastion of middle America and its values. Their majority rule oppresses all those who don't fit into the majority. Make them realize that we need a change. They won't turn deaf ears any more. **THINK!** Don't take their rules for granted. They are for those who oppress us; for the government's security. **FOR SHIT.** Prisoners of our own future **FIGHT.....**



STRIKE OUT

Violence for life
Pain and strife
Has to change
Explode with rage

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS, SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

Fuck the majority
Fuck their authority
Fight their rules
They're fucking fools

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS.
SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

Paint the walls
Smash the bottles
Then they'll hear
There's war in the air

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS,
SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

THEY FEED US LIES:
Born-again christians' telethons
Use GOD to make their millions
The lord's work pays, and what they do
is preach the sermon and feed us LIES:

I'M CONFUSED:

NO PICTURES
NO NAMES
NO ACT

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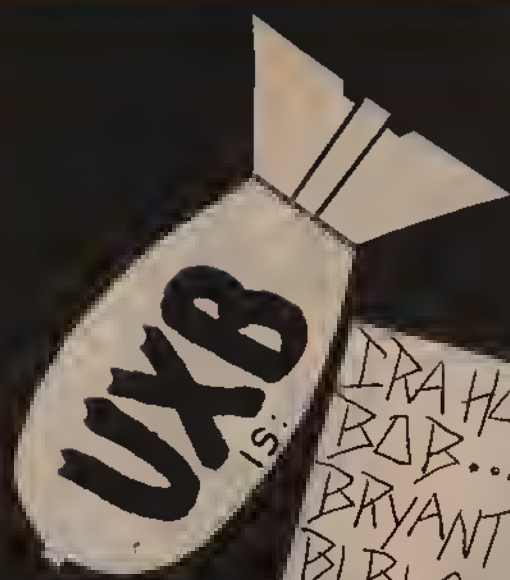
Big brother's got you on the run
The man with the badge is the man with the gun
He's hired by the money grabbing bastards who
Control our society and oppress me and you!

NO one with an answer- a way to cure our ills
Capitalist. Communist, Socialist, every attempt fails!

Everyone blindly following along behind the other
it doesn't matter who it is and it doesn't matter why

VICIOUS CIRCLE n.

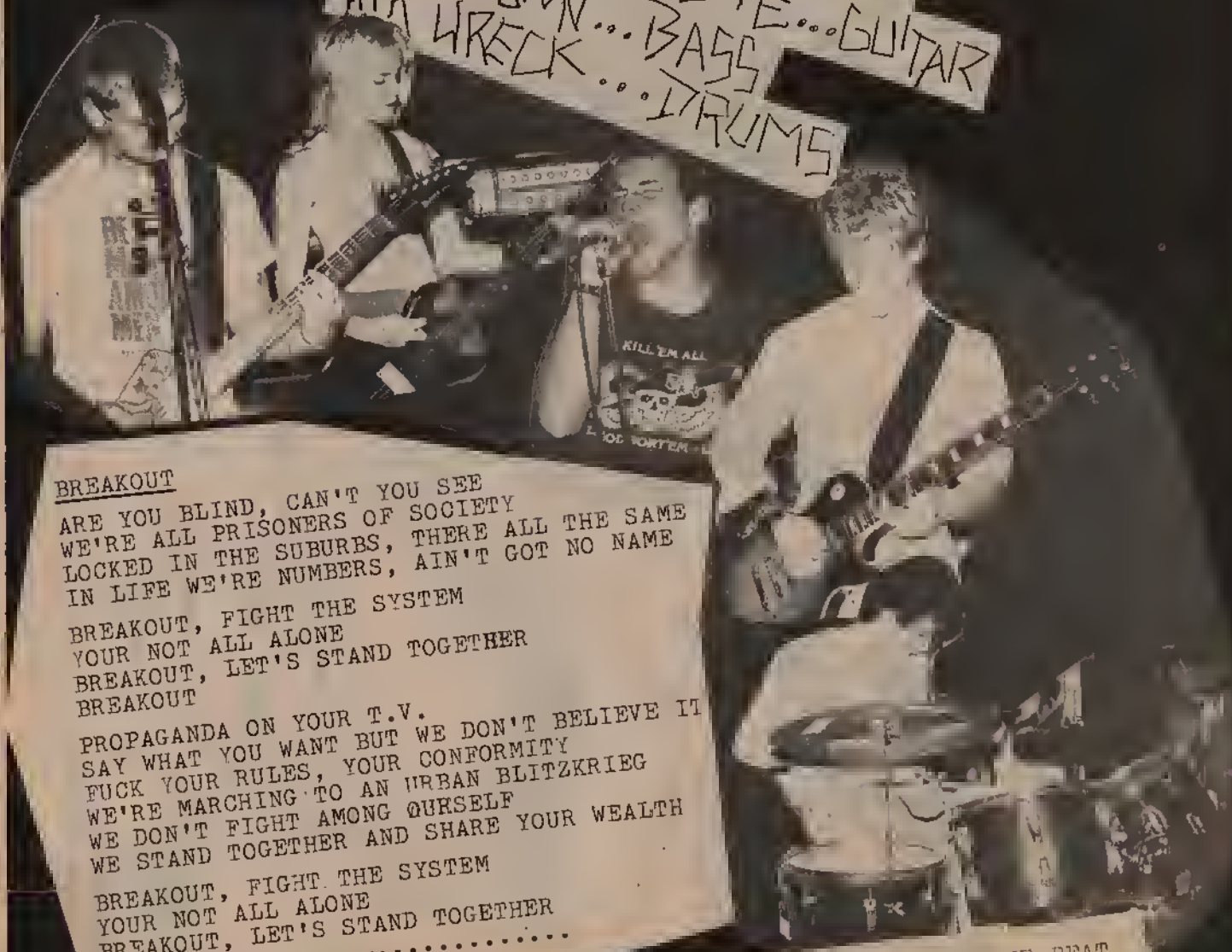
A chain of abnormal processes in which a primary disorder leads to a second which in turn aggravates the first.



TARGET: MARIN COUNTY

IN MARIN COUNTY WHERE THERE IS THIS AURA OF MELLOWNESS, UXB IS UNDERGROUND AT WORK UNDERMINING THE SOCIO-ECONOMIC SUBSTRUCTURE OF UPPER MIDDLE CLASS SUBURBIA. USING THE LATEST TECHNIQUES IN CLANDISTINE OPERATIONS, UXB IS SUBLIMINILY INFILTRATING THE MINDS OF MARIN'S DECADENT YOUTH. GOD WILLING, WE WILL OVERCOME.

IRA HODD... VOCALS
 BOB... GUITAR
 BRYANT BARBITUATE... VOCALS
 BIBI GUN... GUITAR
 R.K. WRECK... BASS
 ...DRUMS



BREAKOUT

ARE YOU BLIND, CAN'T YOU SEE
 WE'RE ALL PRISONERS OF SOCIETY
 LOCKED IN THE SUBURBS, THERE ALL THE SAME
 IN LIFE WE'RE NUMBERS, AIN'T GOT NO NAME

BREAKOUT, FIGHT THE SYSTEM
 YOUR NOT ALL ALONE
 BREAKOUT, LET'S STAND TOGETHER
 BREAKOUT

PROPAGANDA ON YOUR T.V.
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE IT
 FUCK YOUR RULES, YOUR CONFORMITY
 WE'RE MARCHING TO AN URBAN BLITZKRIEG
 WE DON'T FIGHT AMONG OURSELF
 WE STAND TOGETHER AND SHARE YOUR WEALTH

BREAKOUT, FIGHT THE SYSTEM
 YOUR NOT ALL ALONE
 BREAKOUT, LET'S STAND TOGETHER
 BREAKOUT.....

THANKS JIM FOR THE BEAT
 ENGINEERED BY KIRK SCHREIL, BIG PINK WEST

SCAPEGOATS

SHITCAN

I've got the world in my pocket
There are no pants on my ass
Bleeding wallets in the market
Another corporate joke
To turn your fears into smoke
Warriors, don't give up hope!
My life is going
My life is wasting to the shitcan.
My life is going to the shitcan.

Utopian dreams for the masses
Children praying by their beds
Simplistic dreams for your nightmares
Express yourself if you can
Boogie till you meltdown

Drinking, drugging, rock and roll
Fucking by the fire?
Insensitive assholes all around me
My life is going
My life is wasting to the shitcan
My life is going to the shitcan
I cry, I hope

Soave Loco - Guitar, Lead Vocals, Songwriter
Henry Hample - Bass, Vocals
Joey Peters - Drums (replaced by Michael Litton)

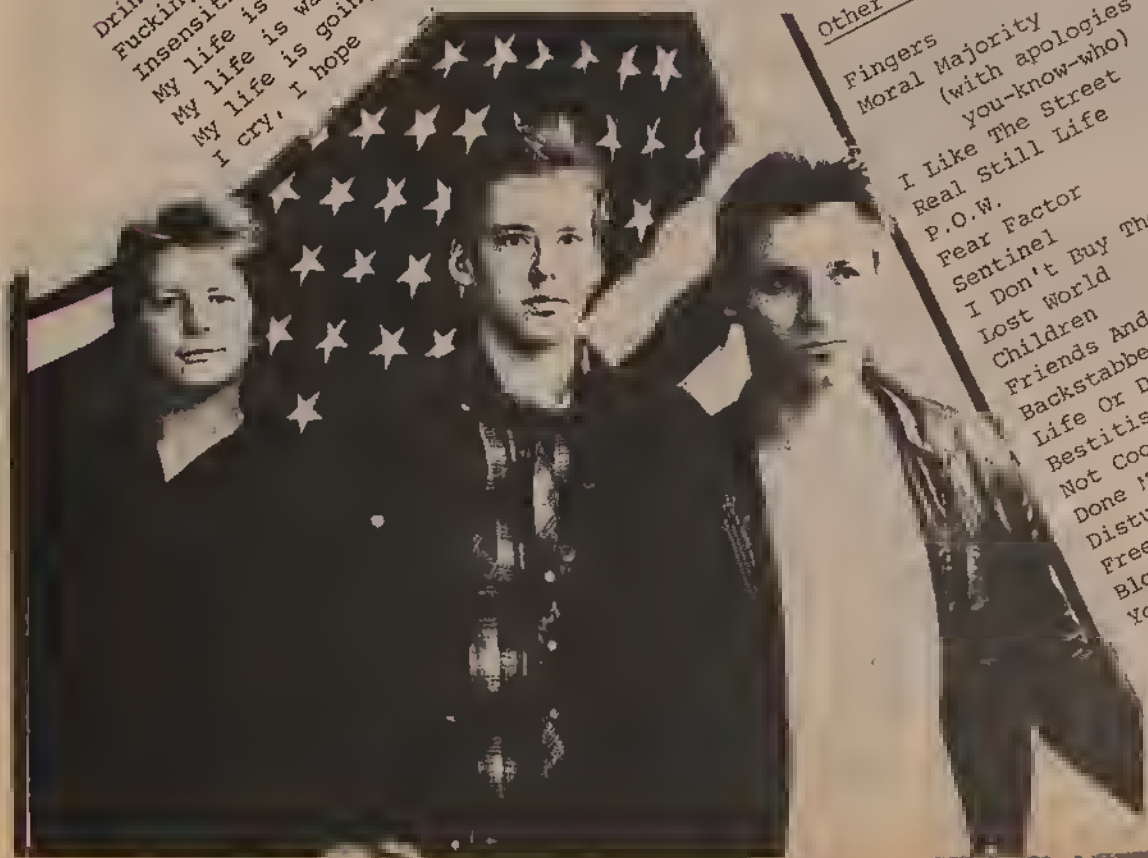
Recorded August, 1981 at Magic Sounds
Produced by the Scapegoats and Alan Goldwater
Photography by Sylvia Foley and Hilary Flash

For bookings, contact Henry Hample
(408) 429-1188
1001 Center St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060

Other Atrocious Anthems

Fingers
Moral Majority
(with apologies to
you-know-who)
I Like The Street
Real Still Life
P.O.W.
Fear Factor
Sentinel
I Don't Buy The Line
Lost World
Children
Friends And Neighbors
Backstabber
Life Or Death
Bestitis
Not Cool, Not Mellow
Done My Time
Disturbed World
Freedom Fighters
Bloat Yourself
Your Love Was Like A Carton
Of Imitation Milk

Joey



It's cheaper than you think

Church Police

TIM GALLAHER: VOCAL

BRUCE GAULD: BASS

ERIC LUNDMARK: DRUMS

DAVE BLAKESLEE: GUITAR

There's more
to rock & roll
than we know

THE OVEN IS MY FRIEND

I TURN IT ON
580 DEGREES
THAT'S HOT ENOUGH
MY TONGUE IS READY
I OPEN THE DOOR
I'M GETTING CLOSER
THE HEAT BURNS MY EYES
TONGUE MEETS THE ELEMENT
IT'S MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP
THE OVEN IS MY PAL

MOM COMES HOME
MY FACE IS DESTROYED
SHE SENDS ME TO THE PSYCHIATRIST
BUT I DON'T LISTEN
THE OVEN IS MY FRIEND

WORDS: T. GALLAHER/E. LUNDMARK
MUSIC: CHURCH POLICE

RECORDED LIVE MARCH 24 1982
AT BAY SOUND, OAKLAND

PRODUCED BY KEVIN ARMY
ENGINEERED BY MAX TRASH
MIXED BY MAX FACTOR AND CHURCH POLICE
PHOTOS BY JOE MAMA AND YOU

© 1980 CHURCH POLICE
© 1982 MELLOW SHIT MUSIC

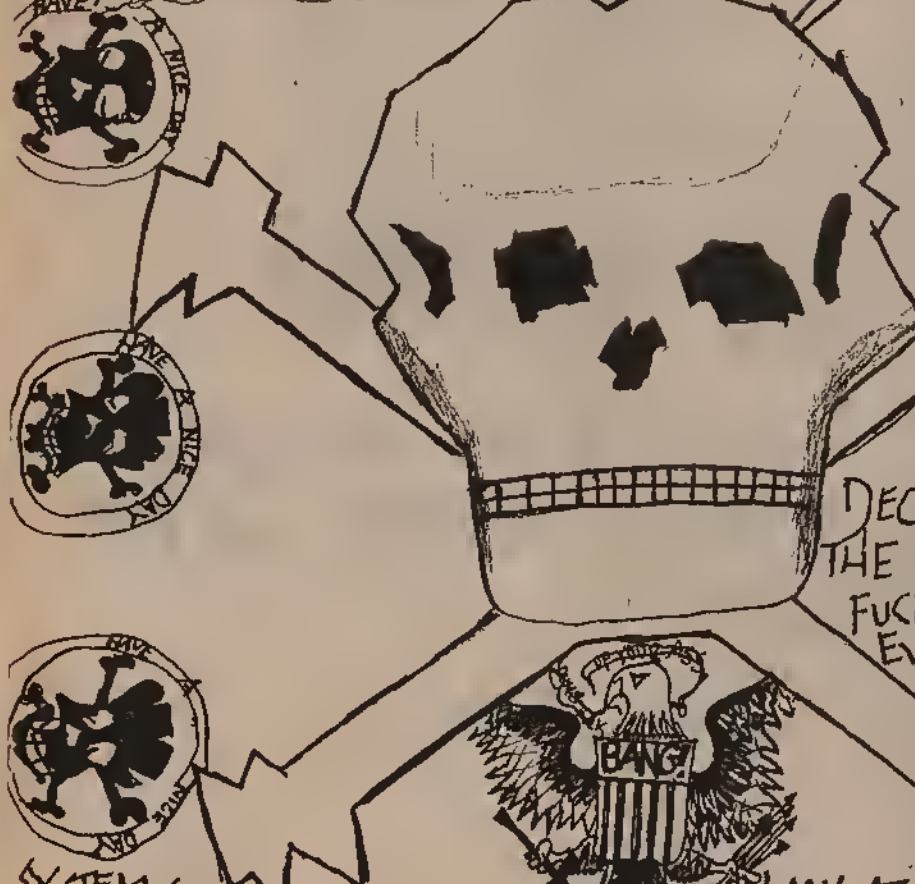
CONTACT:

CHURCH POLICE
P.O. BOX 2397
PLEASANT HILL, CALIFORNIA 94523

ART: BRUCE & ERIC

VIRGIN CITIES

AND BLESSED BE
MATT IN HIS
DANGEROUS RHYTHM STUDIO



SYSTEM SUCKS
IS THIS WHAT YOU
WANT?
BRAINS LIKE A
SIEVE
UNDER THE SYSTEM
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO
LIVE?
DECAYING CORPSES LYING IN
THE STREET
FUCKIN' PAID SOLDIER KILLING
EVERYONE HE MEETS
SYSTEM SUCKS
SYSTEM SUCKS
SYSTEM SUCKS OK?

LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE WHO DIED
FIGHTING
LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE WHO'LL NEVER
CARE
LOOK AT THOSE BODIES COVERED WITH
BLOOD

Death Reign

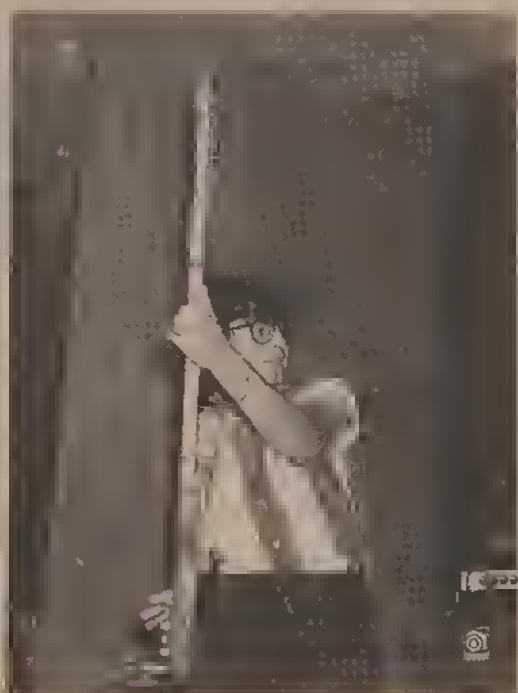
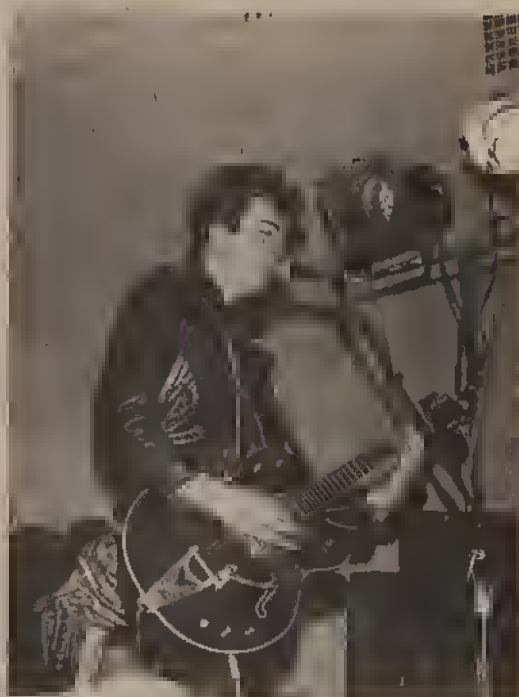
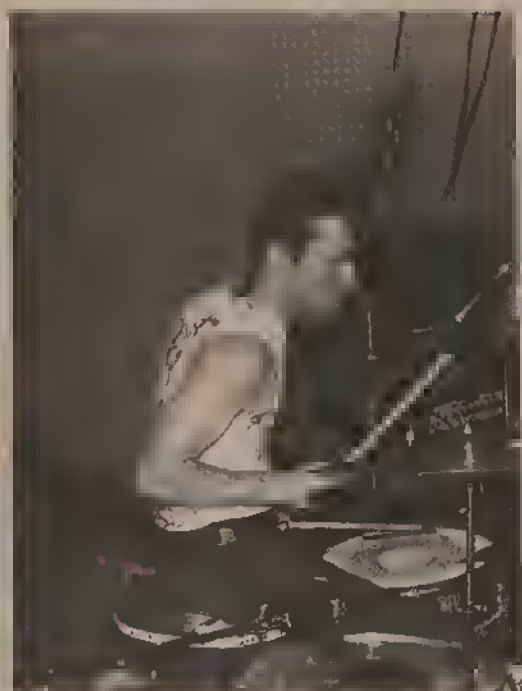
IS

ANDY - GUITAR
ANNA - DRUMS
JACK - GUITAR
MIKE - MOUTH
SCOTT - BASS

AT THE BUREAUCRAT'S
EXPENSE TO GET
THEM OUT OF
HIS HAIR



NO ALTERNATIVE



DEAD MEN TELL NO LIES

*"Dead men tell no lies
in the heat of a New York night
the warzone they call home
is just another fight
Dead men tell no lies
with Johnnys' sliced up face
saw it in the obituary
it looked so out of place."*

Words & Music by John Patterson

Copyright 1981 John Patterson

Photos: P. Denis

Design: G. Langston

Recorded at Mallon studios, S.F.

Jeff Rees-Bass & Vocals
John Patterson-Guitar & Lead Vocals
Greg Langston-Drums & Vocals

THE WRECKS

HOW TO BE A JEWISH MOTHER

Barbecue-in-a-boat

RENO



DR. WU INVITES
YOU TO ENJOY

Cash-in on Government
Programs

PUNK'S AN Attitude...

SWEAR TO GOD I GET SICK OF PEOPLE'S ATTITUDES
AND TRYIN TO FIGURE THEM OUT
THEY TALK ABOUT SHIT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND
AND DRESS TO FIT THE TREND
YOU CAN BE ACCEPTED OR REJECTED
IN PUNK OR SOCIETY
YOU CAN PLAY THE ROLE, I'LL JUST BE MYSELF
FUCK PEOPLE WHO THINK I'M A HIPPIE
OR A WEEKEND PUNK
IF THEY STOPPED TO THINK THEY'D SEE
PUNK IS AN ATTITUDE
PUNK IS AN ATTITUDE-INDIVIDUALITY IS THE KEY
DO WHAT YOU WANT, DON T CARE WHAT THEY THINK
I GUESS SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T SEE.....
TRENDIES SUCK!!!
©1981 JONE JETSON



BLIND People

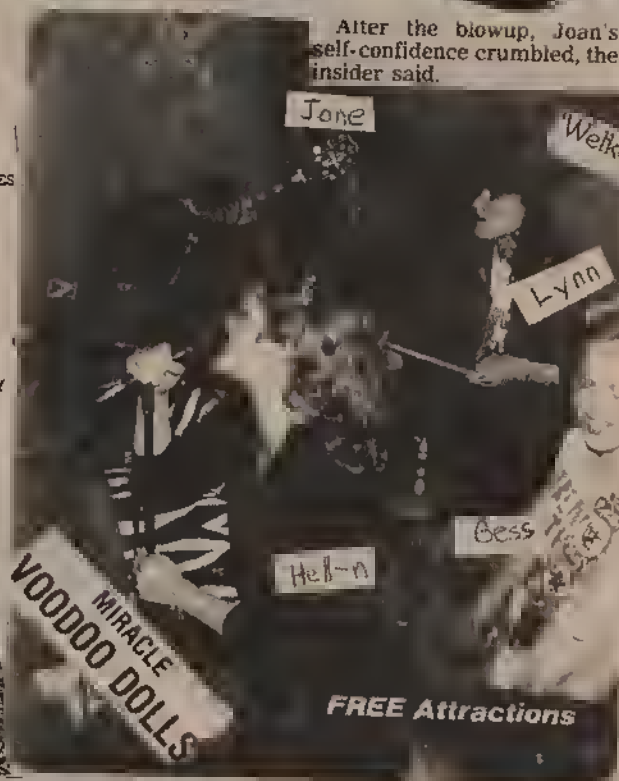
know a
good time
when they
see it.

"A big black bird
screamed
Roto-Rooter"

ball test
NEVER STEP IN
DOG WASTE AGAIN!



Alter the blowup, Joan's
self-confidence crumbled, the
insider said.



A True Story, by THE WRECKS-

Reno's all girl band were born to a family of ceramic lizards
and have been around since about October 1980. These girls range in age
from 16 to 18. Hell-n-52, Jone-9, Besa-147, and Lynn-2 months. they play
Ozark music on a variety of instruments; Lynn-spoons and mandolin, Bess-
fiddle and kazoo, Jone-washboard and harmonica, and Hell-n-banjo and jug.
MUSICAL INFLUENCES: Molly Hatchett, Ozark Mountain Daredevils, Lynard Skybard
and Aretha Franklin. Just jivin'. SOME OF THEIR PASTIMES INCLUDE going on
dates with people who eat glass, collecting empty deodorant containers, and
lighting people's underwear on fire. Well enough said, write to us at P.O.

Box 20391, Reno Nevada 89515. for free gifts and amusing toys. VOR E AMANA

SEXISM AND STEREOTYPING

lice
Dramatically different



©1981
H'scott

Breast Cancer Linked to Constipation
Novices this tiny thing is hard

Are you a roadie? Do you want to be
a roadie? Write to Teri Lee for personal
female roadie details + exclusive
newletter on the
Roadie Club at
about 80
Bok.

How's Your
Hearing?

Double vagina

We've come
a long
way,

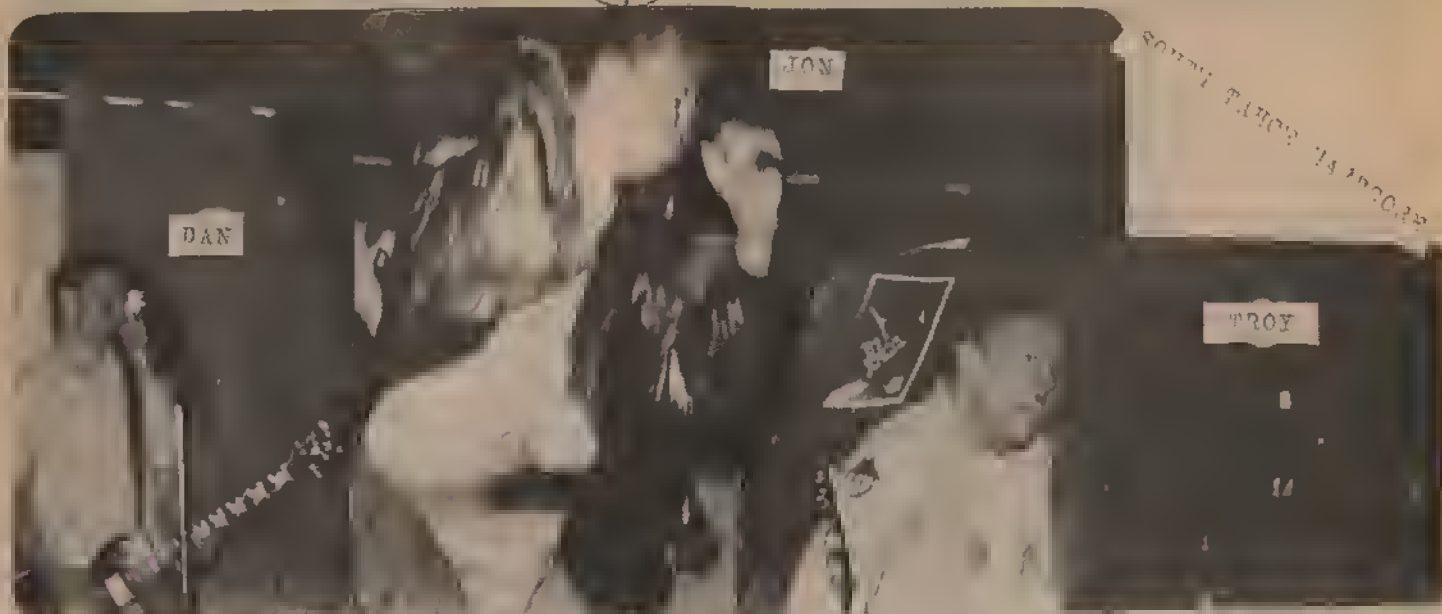
Why would a Large CAT
use Lightdays Pantliners?

PLEASE GOD
- LET ME
DIE NAKED IN
A FAST CAR
CRASH WITH
THE RADIO
TURNED
FULL ON!

A
legend isn't
built overnight.

Western Living

URBAN ASSAULT



S.I.T.

Don't need your local militia
Coming round in your four wheel truck
Keep your nose and legs under nose
Take your guns and go get fucked

(chorus)

We don't want the police to say
We don't care how we feel
There's still something wrong with me
It's your problem, not mine

Put me down you little shit in
Why should you care about me
If I'm not like you I could be cool
You're trying to live in yesterday

(chorus)

Hey all you small time cops, you used to think
That you were the good guys, but then the gun hit
Started moving in, and then they started at
Their wheel being a little bit funny clothes
But they didn't know that your lady's got
They weren't there, they were shiny surfaces
Of your top and bottom, but then you
Started to lose your mind on the pathetic
Society you wanted to be a part of.
Then it wasn't funny anymore, but don't worry
Someday you will understand.

(repeat verse 1)

Chorus ©L.A.

Dan Pozniak-Guitar
Chris Gayton-Bass
Jon Luthos-Vocals
Troy Loust-Drums



U.A.

THE TIME IS NOW



NO MORE RIOTS: JIMMY'S WORKING IN A FACTORY/GREY WALLS WINDOWS ALL HE CAN SEE/DON'T COMPLAIN, OR NOT A LOT/ THEY MIGHT TAKE AWAY WHAT HE'S GOT/ HE WANTS TO STATE HIS VIEWS CAUSE HE HEARD IT ON THE NEWS/TAKE A STAND FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU BELIEVE. NO MORE RIOTS - IF YOU DON'T BE QUIET - NO MORE RIOTS: JOEY'S STILL LIVING WITH HIS FAMILY/NEEDS A CRUTCH THOUGH HE'S 23/ CARRIES SIGNS IN PICKET LINES/DON'T UNDERSTAND BUT AT LEAST HE'S TRYING/DON'T WANT TO HURT MOM OR DAD/WHAT HE'S DOING IS TWICE AS BAD/SO MANY PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED/P.T.A. SAYS GET INVOLVED.

[NO RIOTS YOU DON'T COUNT. BE QUIET, SHUT YOUR MOUTH. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT. PACK UP: GO HOME. MIMI WANTS TO BE A MILITANT/SHE'S GONNA JOIN SOME NATIONAL FRONT/SHE DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS/SHE'S A REVOLUTIONARY DIL-ETTANTE: SHE WANTS TO SAVE THE WORLD BY BLOWING UP BUILDINGS/ SINGS 30- GUNS ALL NIGHT/ WEEKENDS SHE DRESSES UP. NO MORE RIOTS, NO MORE MURDERS, NO BLACK SHIRTEDS, SOMEDAY THEY'LL LEARN TO GIVE IN WITHOUT GIVING UP.

THE BENT NAILS - THE STORY BEHIND THE MYTH:

THE BENT NAILS ARE AN ENORMOUS- LY POPULAR BAND FROM SUNNY MILLBRAE, A BEAUTIFUL SUBURB OF S.F. THEY WERE BORED WITH SUBURBAN LIFE AND DECIDED TO FORM A BAND. UNFORTUNATELY THEY ARE STILL TRAPPED IN THEIR SUBURBAN PRISON WITH NO WAY OUT! IN THE 2 YEARS SINCE THEY ELBOWED THEIR WAY INTO THE MUSIC SCENE, THEY'VE TAKEN THE SUBURBS BY STORM WITH THEIR 6 LEGENDARY SUB- URBAN PERFORMANCES. THEIR OBSESSION WITH THE SUBURBS IS SOMEWHAT NEUR- OTIC.



BENT NAILS
415-697-9294
"WE PLAY ANYWHERE"

FRANK PORTMAN
MIKE

"STICKS" LUZADER

2 A CHERRY
George Poulas



STAMATOS
"WHIRLWIND"

Americans Against Everything
244 Zion dr
Las Vegas, Nv
89107

MIKE - VOCALS
NICK - GUITAR
PAUL - BASS
MOON - DRUMS

MOON AND MIKE DECIDED
TO START MIA WHEN
THE REPUBLICANS HAD
THE KENNEDYS ASSASSINATED.
MEANWHILE, NICK WAS IN
UTAH ENJOYING THE
SPECTACULAR NUCLEAR
TESTING FIRSTHAND WHILE
PAUL WAS A METERPERSON IN
SUNNY NEWPORT BEACH STEALING
LARGE SUMS OF MONEY
FROM UNSUSPECTING MOTORISTS.
EVENTUALLY THEY

ALL GOT TOGETHER IN
BEAUTIFUL LAS VEGAS,
THE ENTERTAINMENT
CAPITAL OF THE WORLD,
PLAYING "I HATE HIPPIES"
TO SMALL CROWDS OF
HIPPIES.

[illegible]